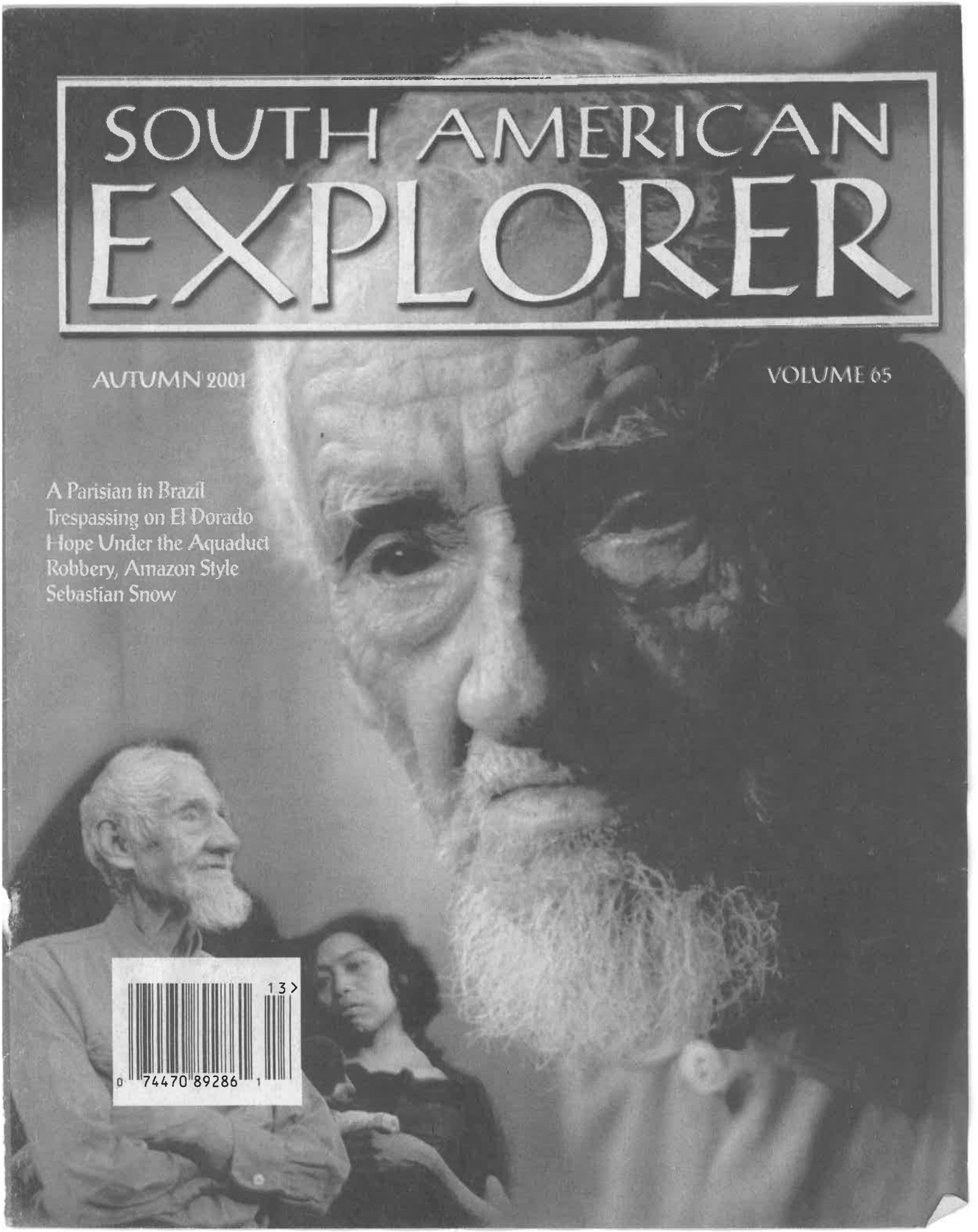
SOUTH AMERICAN EXPLORER

AUTUMN 2001

VOLUME 65

A Parisian in Brazil
Trespassing on El Dorado
Hope Under the Aquaduct
Robbery, Amazon Style
Sebastian Snow



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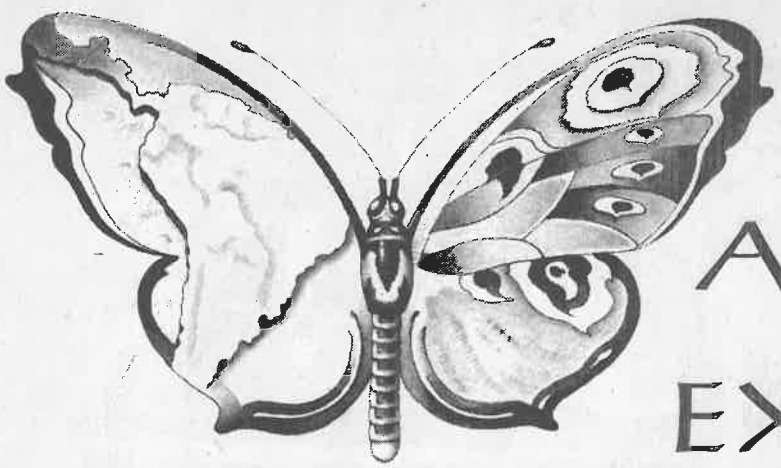

SOUTH AMERICAN EXPLORERS

South American Explorers

SAE is a 501(c)(3) non-profit organization. With clubhouses in Cusco and Lima, Peru and Quito, Ecuador, and U.S. headquarters in Ithaca, New York, SAE collects and makes available to its members up-to-date, reliable information about Central and South America.

Membership is US $50 ($80 couple) per year. Residents outside the U.S. add US $10 (US $7 for Canada) for postage. Those wishing to sign up in the United Kingdom can join through Bradt Publications (Please allow 4-6 weeks to receive membership cards), 19 High Street, Chalfont St. Peter, Bucks SL9 9QE, U.K. Info@bradt-travelguides.com

Aims and Purposes:

SAE is dedicated to:

- Furthering the exchange of information among travelers and researchers.
- Promoting responsible travel through publication of pamphlets, information packets, the Internet, and its magazine, the South American Explorer.
- Publicizing projects aimed at improving social and environmental conditions in Latin America and collecting funds for their activities.
- Awakening greater interest and appreciation for the welfare of endangered peoples, wildlife protection, and wilderness conservation.
- Collecting information on volunteer and research opportunities.
- Fostering ties between non-profit organizations, NGO's, conservation groups, and other socially and environmentally active organizations.

South American Explorer:

A 64-page quarterly magazine with articles on adventure travel, scientific discovery, history, archaeology, mountaineering, native peoples, languages, anthropology, geology, and more.

Membership Services include:

Knowledgeable Staff: Our friendly staff and volunteers provide advice and practical information to members.

Networking: We assist members seeking travel companions for a trip/expedition, or seeking to contact experts in a particular field.

Trip Reports: Trip Reports provide specialized information on just about everything—climbing Aconcagua, volunteering, learning Spanish, lining up a local tour operator, white-water rafting, hiking the Darien Gap, visiting the Galapagos, etc.

Maps: The Club maintains a collection of topographical, geological and road maps for member use and purchase.

Lending Library: There is an extensive library of both English and Spanish books at Clubhouses in Quito, Lima, and Cusco.

Merchandise for sale: Books, maps, tapes, T-shirts and other items are on sale at Clubhouses or through the Club's catalog.

Trip planning: Members can call upon the SAE for help and trip planning information.

Discounts: Members receive discounts from many local tour operators, hotels and language schools.

Additional Member Services at Quito, Lima, and Cusco Clubhouses:

Equipment Storage, Mail, Phone and Fax Service, Book Exchange Library, Message Board.

South American Explorers Catalog:

The annual catalog contains books, maps, and language tapes. Please call or write the Ithaca office to request a copy of the latest catalog. Include $5.00 if the catalog is to be mailed outside the U.S.

To join the SAE:

Contact us at our U.S. headquarters, use the order form on page 63, or sign up at one of the clubhouses.

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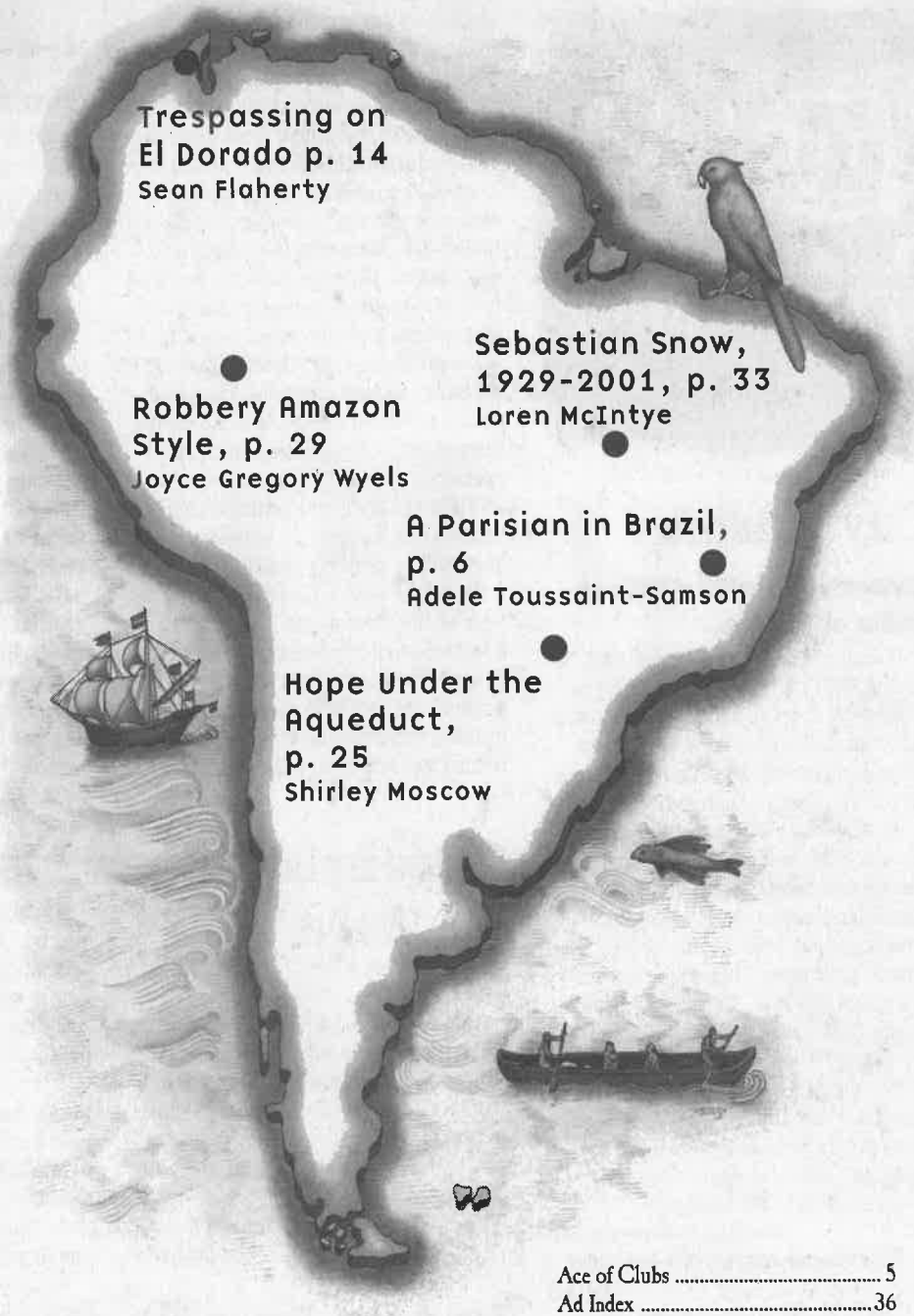

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Cover: Fidel Peireira with his eleventh wife. For more information, see Sebastian Snow Appreciation, page 35.

Cuy Cuisine

Esteemed Presiding Officer,
Order of the Cuy,

If author Elizabeth Stamford (SAE, Spring 2001) is "faintly nauseated" on chowing down on a grilled specimen of our organization's symbol, how do you suppose members of our illustrious order feel, if not greatly nauseated?

No longer do I automatically whip out my well-worn membership card and fumble with the handshake and secret sign when I meet anyone whilst I'm trudging about, seeking edible roots. For now it would seem edible roots are out and edible Cuy is in. This cheeky little rodent deserves our protection, not skewering for the grill!

Would the DAR (Daughters of the American Revolution) follow up its membership package with a recipe for grilling an American eagle over a spit, concluding with "bon appetit"?

Doubtful in Bethesda, MD,
Thos. Spande, charter member, Order of the Cuy.

Re: "Ask the Doctor" in Vo. 63

Dear SAE:

I'm not a doctor and no one asked me but SAE readers should be aware of side effects from taking Transderm Scop "behind the ear" medicine for motion sickness. As the company literature says, the drug affects memory. And how! I've known cruise passengers who've stepped off the plane with the patches in place, worn them day and night, even in the Amazon River (not noted for its rough seas), and could not remember where they'd been. Since instructions say not to use the patch more than three days, they are careful to renew them! A friend wore a pair on a transatlantic voyage and cannot to this day remember she made the voyage. The active ingredient is scopolamine, which is usually prescribed for "twilight sleep" during childbirth so that women could not recall pain and consequently harbor resentments toward the child. Mobsters were said to have used it as "truth serum" when torturing their victims. Since scopolamine also opens one's iris it increases possibility of UV light damage to the retina, especially under a tropical sun. An enlarged pupil also inhibits properly focusing a camera if the patch is put on the same side of the head as the viewing eye. Scopolamine does work well to prevent nausea and help you forget you were seasick. I suggest that sensitive souls use an auto-focusing camera to bring back images. reminding them where they have been.

Loren McIntyre

Contemplating His 'Novel'

Dear SAE:

Hi. I realize that this is a long shot, but I'm writing a novel involving indigenous, rarely contacted people of the lowland rainforest of Peru, the Yura in particular, and am having trouble finding reference material. Any help at all would be greatly appreciated.

William L. Jones
Canfield, Ohio

Find the Friar

Dear SAE:

I am a Salesian Co. Operator from Ireland. I wish to contact Fr. John Porter. His address is Don Bosco College—Box 2303, Quito, Ecuador-S.A. He is a native of Derry, Ireland, but I met him in Belfast. I would really appreciate your help in trying to locate him as I have written a few times but unfortunately have not heard anything back.

Sincerely,
Nancy Doherty
Nancydoherty2001@yahoo.co.uk

Its Wrong

Dear Editor

Congratulations on your marvellous quarterly. It is distinct, with a humour and intelligence so unusual and confident, that you deserve endless plaudits. It was a delight to read—as have your previous publications that I have received, since I joined you—fairly recently.

I am writing you from Sydney, Australia, where I, a Canadian, currently live. However I am at this time going down the Pacific Rim of the Americas in a 1972 VW Beetle. From Homer, Alaska, to Ushuaia, at the southern tip of South America. I have reached SE Mexico, have taken a short time off, but am about to re-start. Late September. I speak Spanish, have lived when very young in Chile and Peru. Am writing about my trip, down the Pacific Rim of the Americas.

Being a former "professor" of cultural matters in Canadian universities, and a director in Australia of arts training centres, I was surprised in reading your delightfully distinct articles that there were "grammatical" mistakes—no big deal—in Gunnar Englom's interesting piece. [*I* am happy to edit for you should you wish]: He has difficulty with: "it's" which is an abbreviation for "it is" and "its" the possessive.

p20, column 2, para 1.line 4—"it's" should read "its"
para 2, line 2—"it's" should read "its"
p21, column 1, four instances: column 1,
para 2, twice: line 4 & 7
para 3, once: line 27
para 4, line 10
then in column 2 para 2 line 11
then "Congratulations" in para 2, para 4 , line 8, you got it right!

Would you be interested in the account I attach on visiting Ecuador, with a Canadian photographer?

Congratulations on you publication. It is distinct, witty, unusual, informative and helpful.

Yours sincerely
Lionel H. Lawrence

Its Still Wrong

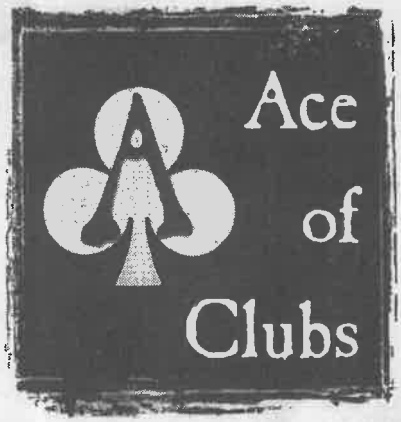
Dear Editor,

As always, I enjoy reading the *South American Explorer*. I am struck, however, by the catastrophe of apostrophes in

volume 64. Your *it's* and *its* give me fits and snits! I refer you to the writers' bible, E.B. White's *The Elements of Style*, page 1: "A common error is to write *it's* for *its*, or vice versa. The first is a contraction, meaning "it is." The second is a possessive. 'It's a wise dog that scratches its own fleas.'"

Maybe your proofreader needs a flea collar.

Love eternally,
Martha Egan
Pachamama Santa Fe, NM



SAE's First Annual Haiku Contest

To celebrate the 65th issue of the South American Explorer, we are launching the First Annual SAE Haiku Contest. This competition harks back to a venerable tradition of SAE contests, emulated worldwide but never equaled .

Our older members may recall the inimitable "Find the Stone" contest (Issue 17, May 1988), or the controversial "Sez Who" contest (Issue 18, August 1988). It's not likely recent members will know of this longstanding custom. No matter. The First Annual SAE Haiku Contest promises to be every bit as good if not better than our famous contests of old.

First a little history. Why a Haiku contest in the first place? As is so often the case, a member's to blame. Let's call him 'Juan Doe.' For a long time, months actually, Juan called on the phone to say we should publish a Haiku love poem extolling his beautiful wife (aka 'Juanita Doe'). Unfortunately, Juan spoke with a heavy accent that made him extremely difficult to understand and every time he said, 'Haiku,' our editor responded with, 'Gesundheit!' Undismayed, Juan switched to writing letters. Two or three times a week, an unsolicited Haiku poem would arrive in the mail. Here's a typical example:

Juanita, ripe plum,

Frogs jump down the riverbank

Splash! I love Juan'ta.

Now observe, Juan uses the correct Haiku 5 syllables for the first line, seven syllables for the second, and again 5 syllables for the last line. Get it?

Da Da Da Da Da

Da Da Da Da Da Da Da

Da Da Da Da Da

Need we say Juan is no Haiku master? Note the awkward treatment of Juanita in the last line. Sloppy verse.

Still, Juan's poetry inspired our editor, Don Montague, to a brief outburst of rhetoric. His short but memorable speech went a little like this: "Gather around, South American Explorers, young and old, man and woman, gather around. This club upholds certain principles, and the most important of these is that the member always comes first. Always! Therefore, if Juan Doe desires to be published in our magazine by Dios, he'll be published. Inform Juan his classified ad will cost $10 for the first 25 words and $.50 cents for each additional word." And with that, Don sat down.

Juan did not take this news well. "Pay to be published?" he sniffed. "No!" Instead, he demanded a contest, a Haiku contest no less, confident that few could match his amorous rhymes. And us? We caved in.

We'll get to the rules for entering the contest shortly but first we'd like to ask a small favor. Since it's quite probable that the Haiku contest will become an annual event, we're asking all entrants to answer a simple multiple-choice question. Note: there is no right or wrong answer. All responses are equally valid. Your answer, we hope, will allow our analysts to create a poet profile. This info coupled with census data will permit us to locate the whereabouts of suspected concentrations of poets ("poet pockets" if you will) to let them know about upcoming contests.

Question: When you see the word 'Haiku,' you think:

a) 'It doesn't rhyme with anything. Its like 'silver' or 'orange' — poetically inert.

b) 'I wonder what she looks like naked.'

'Ah, so, the ancient Japanese poetry form that challenges the poet to capture the intangible spirit of nature and create a singular representative image of a thought, an emotion, or an inspiration.'

Please mail in your response with your Haiku.

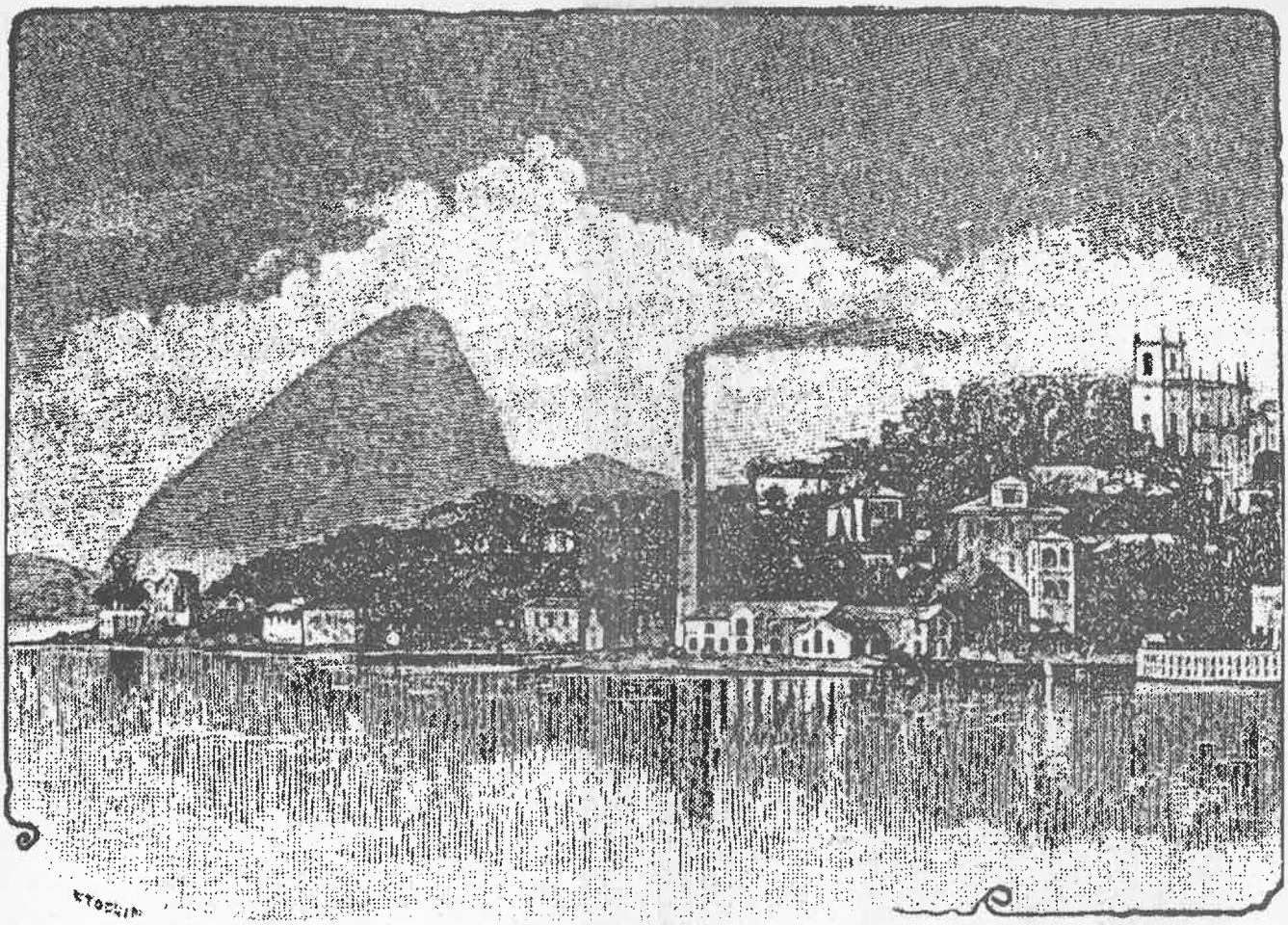
Now to the rules:

The entrant must be a member of South American Explorers, be a relative of a South American Explorer member, or have heard of someone who thought about becoming a South American Explorer member. If none of the above, speaking in tongues will do if it rhymes.

It is not allowed for the submitted verse to have been previously published, cited, or read in a public venue.

- Null where void.

Continued on page 13.



Sugar Loaf. Church "de Gloria"

Emperor's Palace at San Christovas

A Parisian in Brazil :Selections

Adele Toussaint-Samson

My Negress "Romana"

In the middle of the nineteenth century, Adele Toussaint-Samson, a high spirited and enterprising young Parisian, traveled with her husband from France to Brazil, seeking to improve their family fortunes.

Like some other foreigner visitors to Latin America, she wrote about her experiences, producing one of the best, although long-forgotten, nineteenth-century travel narratives. Adele Toussaint-Samson's careful account of her more than decade-long stay in Brazil remains a valuable source of insights and information, especially on slavery and gender relations, in that overwhelmingly rural, highly stratified South American society of the 1850's. — June E. Hahner

The Departure

We had an uncle in America, and not of America, which is quite a different thing; nevertheless, this good uncle having made quite a nice fortune in Brazil, we likewise got the idea of trying our fortunes. In ten years, we were told, we

ought to be rich. Ten years of exile, that certainly was something; but the country was so beautiful, and we would return so young still.

There were so many hesitations on my part, many tears shed; then, finally, we formed our resolution, and after having embraced parents and friends, we got into the train. We were bound for Havre, where we were to embark for South America.

When we were near arriving at the Havre station, I perceived in the distance all those tall masts, pressed one against the other, which seemed a forest upon the sea. My heart stood still, and I understood by how many ties the father-land was dear to me.

However, the die had been cast: we must go to the end.

Mulatress of the "Fagenda"

The Voyage

Now, I think I must give you some advice, ladies: if ever you travel alone, be on board the most reserved possible; for there is no little provincial town, no janitor's closet even, where there is as much gossip as here. If you have, for travelling companions, English people, do not bow to them, above all, and do not even notice them the first eight days. The Englishmen wishes to know to whom he bows to, and gives himself the trouble of studying a little his people before risking the least politeness. Do you think he is very much in the wrong? But from the moment he has judged you worthy of his society, the Englishman becomes the most amiable travelling companion, obliging without being gallant, polished without flattery, and always a perfect gentleman in his relations with women.

Unfortunately, it is not always so with our own compatriots while travelling, who, in the majority, do not always show themselves very proper, presently showing gallantry, bordering upon silliness, to young and pretty women; by and by, rudeness, wellnigh vulgarity, towards old or ugly women; they do not know whether to compromise a woman, or turn her into ridicule. Mistrust, above all things, ladies, the officers on deck. Nothing equals the conceitedness of these gentlemen; they must at each passage inscribe a fresh conquest on their list. As the attentions, the welfare, and thousand details of material existence, depend upon them in some way or another, there are no end of provocations and flirtations, which the lady passengers permit in their favor.

Arrival in Brazil

At last, here is Brazil, which appears with its bouquets of banana-trees and palm-trees. One begins to distinguish the chain of mountains called the Giant, which represents well enough in effect a man of colossal stature stretched at full length, and whose profile resembles that of Louis XVI. That one which is called the Pao d'assucar (Sugar-load) is the mountain, which forms the foot of the Giant. It lies at the entrance of the by of Rio Janeiro. Soon the ship enters the port, having at its right the fortress of Santa Cruz, and at its left the fortress of Sage [Lage], where it is hailed as it passes; if it delays in stopping, a cannon-shot warns it not to continue its route. It then hoists its flag. "Where does she come from?" it asked. "How many days at sea?" " What is her name and that of her captain?" "Are there any ill on board?" After having satisfactorily answered all these questions, she enters the bay and throws anchor near a fort called Villa-Gaghao [Villegaignon].

Yellow Fever

My husband and I became ill with yellow fever, which dealt harshly with Brazil, for the first time, the year of our arrival. Until then the country had been very healthy. When this dreadful disease fell upon Rio Janeiro, it attacked first of all the foreigners, then the negroes, then the poor class, and finally the comfortable Brazilian themselves, but in small numbers. The mortality was large in the city, and the cemeteries so filled, that one could no longer bury the dead. No more festivals, no more disturbance, no more joy: everywhere mourning.

The theatres were closed; large processions passed through the city every day, praying to God for the end of the epidemic. At the head of the procession young girls walked dressed in white. When arriving at a public place, a bench would immediately be brought in the centre of the place, and upon this bench would step one of the young ladies, who would recite aloud the prayer, which all would

say after her.

Nothing more doleful than these litanies, sung monotonously and alone, breaking from time to time the dark silence which hovered over the city. Every morning we would hear of the death of some compatriot of ours. Of the twenty-eight passengers who had made the voyage with us, seventeen had already succumbed when I first began to deal this fever, of which I immediately recognized the symptoms...

The yellow fever is now acclimatized in Brazil, as the cholera is in our countries. It appears from time to time in the great heat, but no longer shows itself so deadly as in the first year, because one knows how to treat it.

One must, in the tropical countries, observe more moderation than anywhere else. Those who, having the custom of wine and liquors, wish to continue in Brazil the same manner of living, don't do so for long.

Do as the natives do: drink water. Beside, the water is so good in Rio that this beverage is nearly a treat. Also, does the Brazilian drink his four or five glasses in an evening, it is so limpid, so perfumed, so light, this water of the Caioca, which winds through white pebbles, across aromatic plants, and comes to you fresh and full of odors, which one ever remembers, and which the Brazilian has a right to say, "When one has drunk that water, one can drink no other."

The Sorcerer

One of the strangest types on the plantation, assuredly, was the *feiticeiro* (sorcerer). This is how I made his acquaintance: I was sitting one morning in the veranda, lost in that region of thoughts which vast horizons plunge you into, when I saw returning from the wood one of the wagons which usually did not come back until the decline of day. I was yet more surprised that it had for its only load two negroes, one of whom was an overseer.

"O Ventura?" immediately called our host to him, "why do you return with Luiz?"

"Senhor, Luiz has been bitten by a serpent while cutting sugar-cane, and is vomiting blood."

"Has the sorcerer been called?"

"Yes, senhor. Here he comes."

In effect, we soon saw a negro of very high stature appear, with frizzled white hair, who, it was said, was more than ninety years old, but who, however, still held himself firmly and straight. He was draped in a striped covering, carried a sort of hanging wallet at his side, and held a stick in his hand. His face was grave and pensive.

He went straight to the infirmary, where the sick negro had been put, closeted himself with him, made him drink a preparation of herbs of which he alone had the secret, and affirmed that he would cure the negro, on the condition, nevertheless, that no woman must be allowed to enter the room of him whom he nursed, for seven days. Without this, he would not be responsible for him, he said; therefore, one was careful to send the negro's food only by men. The prescriptions of the sorcerer were carried out to the letter, and the negro was completely cured. Thereupon I wished to talk with the old sorcerer; and after having given him a few pennies for coffee and sugar, I asked him what were the plants he had made use of to cure the sting of the *jararaca*, one of the post dangerous serpents of Brazil.

"It is my secret," he said.

"Why don't you give it to the others?"

"I nurse them when they are ill: it is enough."

"But when you die?"

"All the worse for them. If they were good to me, I would gladly tell them the secrets I know; but they shun me, and teach their children to be afraid of me. I will take my secrets with me..."

The old negro had been right: in return for his science he reaped only ingratitude and abandonment; all shunned him, in almost crossing

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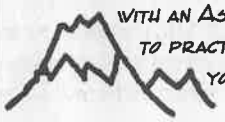

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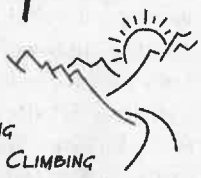

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themselves, and the little mulattoes pressed against each other when he passed, whispering in each other's ears, *"Toma sentido? O feiticeiro!"* (Take care: there goes the sorcerer!)...

He has died, without all doubt alone, in a corner of the forest, taking with him all the science so laboriously gathered in eighty-six years of existence.

Slavery

The Negroes cross the meadow and ascend one by one the two flights of stairs to the veranda, where a sort of cupboard had been opened, forming an alter in one of the corners. Here it was the miseries of slavery appeared to me in all their horror and hideousness. Negresses covered in rags, others half naked, having as covering only a handkerchief fastened behind their back and over their bosoms, which scarcely veiled their throats, and a calico skirt, through whose rents could be seen their poor, scraggy bodies; some Negroes, with tawny or besotted looks, came and kneeled down on the marble slabs of the veranda. The majority carried on their shoulders the marks of scars, which the lashes had inflicted; several were affected with horrible maladies, such as elephantiasis, or leprosy. All this was dirty, repulsive, and hideous. Fear or hate, that is what could be read on all these faces, which I never have seen smile.

There is in their blood a bitter principle, which kills the white man. The Negro's tooth even is frequently dangerous. I have seen more than one example, in Brazil, of European overseers (for never does a Brazilian himself strike his slave), who, in beating their Negroes, had been bitten by them, or even only had been touched by their teeth, who were obliged to have their arm amputated.

The Brazilian race could not stand hard labor; besides, it despises all manual labor. Not a Brazilian who would consent to be employed; all wish to be proprietors. If, therefore, slavery had been suddenly abolished, farming would have stopped, and famine would have arisen. One had to gradually prepare the country and the minds for this grand revolution. This was what Dom Pedro II did; and when, according to him, the hour had come, he declared free each slave's son who would be born in the future. In this way, the Negroes, happy to know their children free, bear their bondage with more courage; and when their sons will come to earn their living in the country which has given them birth, it is likely they will remain and till the ground for them, in short.

Brazilian Customs

One ignores, in Brazil, what gallantry is. When the women are young, one tells it to them with exaggerations of praise, and one calls them goddesses, divinities, etc. When they are so no longer, it is told to them just the same. Now, for the Brazilians, every woman who is past thirty is an old woman, and they would not be afraid to say to her then, *"Esta acabada!"* (You are played out!) It is not very amiable, as you see.

To begin from this moment, woman no longer counts. Likewise, the Brazilian ladies when come to this age generally give up society. They do up their hair with negligence, no matter how, no longer go out in the world at all, and remain all day in their loose dressing-gowns, and without corsets...

As I was saying a little while ago, a Brazilian lady would blush to be caught in any occupation whatever, for they profess the greatest disdain for all who work. The pride of the South American is extreme. Everybody wants to be master; no one wishes to serve. One admits, in Brazil, of no other profession but that of physician, lawyer, or wholesale merchant.

A Brazilian or Brazilian lady must never be surprised at anything whatever. When I would return from France with toilets of the latest fashion, I noticed the ladies looked at me secretly, by stealth, so as to study without appearing to do so the cut of my clothes, which not one of them would have acknowledged seeing for the first time. Should one have spoken to them about it, they would all have replied unquestionable, "It is quite a long time since we wear that here."

When the father or the mother of the family is spoken of, the children, and even the slaves of the house, designate them by the names of *a vekha, o valho* (old woman, old man); and yet the respect for the father is carried to the highest point. The children kiss his hand in the morning and in the evening, and would not embrace him. They never address them in the second person. All this forms rather a curious mixture, which greatly surprises Europeans.

The Emperor

What is most surprising is, that, in a country so full of pride, where the smallest merchant thinks himself a power, the Emperor is assuredly the most accessible of all his subjects. There is no need of asking an audience, to be admitted to his presence: he receives every Thursday, at his palace of San Chrostovo, those who wish to speak with him.

One awaits him in a long gallery, which the Emperor crosses at a certain given hour. There each one in turn explains what brought him hither. He seizes very rapidly what is told him, has a prodigious memory, and replies very briefly in the language of the person who speaks to him. The very poorest people are admitted to the palace.

Each one must kiss the hand of the Emperor in arriving and in taking leave; for whatever may have been said, kissing the hand still exists in Brazil. It is the only established etiquette.

To give an idea with what facility

Imperial Chapel and "Carmas" Church

one enters the Emperor's palace, here is an authentic story, which was told me by one of the ladies at court:

One day when the princesses were in the study with the Countress de Barral, their governess, and Mlle. Templeir, their teacher. A valet came and announced the Archduke of Austria, later the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian. The prince excused himself for coming thus, without previously having solicited the favor of being received by their Highnesses, and tells, in smiling, that in leaving his carriage he entered the palace without being questioned, without even meeting a guard on his way. He had stepped straight forward, much surprised, not meeting any one; then finally, a lackey had appeared, whom he asked for the Emperor.

He was told that the latter was away on a two-days' visit with the Empress, but that the princesses were at home, and that they would be notified.

"By whom then is the emperor guarded?" continued the grand duke.

"By the love of his people, your Highness," answered him the Countess de Barral.

Passions

If one does not talk, one dances, in revenge, with force in Brazil, which is surprising, with the excessive heat.

Custom requires that the partner, after the square dance or waltz, take the arm of his lady, promenade with her about a little in the drawing-room, and then lead her to the buffet; after which he bows to her and goes to another. For jealous people this custom is extraordinary enough, for it is there that the customary declarations are attempted; and another custom not less extraordinary is that the cavalier drinks in the glass of his lady. The secret correspondence of lovers is frequently enough made by means of the *Jornal do Comercio* (now one has an idea of it by the correspondence of the *Figaro*). There, two pages at least are consecrated to phrases in the style of these:

"I waited for you yesterday, and you did not come! He who is dying of love

for you implores an answer to his letter."

"Oh, virgin, I have read heaven in thine eyes!"

"Don't pass under my windows any more: you are watched," etc.

Sometimes it is very amusing to follow their correspondence. Very frequently one sees a whole drama unrolling itself. Then there are mistakes: one letter has been taken for another, and the action becomes complicated.

The Voyage Home

It was one o'clock in the morning; all were sleeping on board except the officer on duty, when suddenly we were awakened by a dreadful crash. It seemed to us as if the ship were smashing itself to pieces, and water filled the cabins. I heard screaming from all sides: "we are sinking captain! Help! Help!" I took my child in my arms, and stayed with him in the highest berth, waiting in anxiety what would happen next.

There was, during the next half an hour, an infernal noise on deck; there was a jumping; the reefs of the sails were taken in; sails were taken to roof the saloon, whose roof had been swept away; there was a going up and a coming down; orders followed each other; and the ship, tossed by the tempest, threw our poor bodies against the partitions of the cabins, soon to the right, soon to the left, without giving us a minutes intermission. At last, the uproar seemed to calm itself a little on deck, and the captain entered my cabin, in saying, "Now then! Are we dead here?" I asked him what had happened. He answered me that we were at the entrance of the British Channel, that a terrible tempest had suddenly arisen, and that an enormous wave having come under the ship had swept over the deck, carrying away with it the roof of the saloon, sweeping away the hen-coops, benches, everything which was on deck still, and even breaking the mast. "There is little water in the hold of the ship, fortunately," he added, "but we could not stand another wave like this."

I arose with much pain, the pitching being frightful, and sought refuge with my son in one of the cabins where the water had not entered; then I wished to go on deck, to contemplate the spectacle of the sea in its fury. I could risk myself no farther than the last steps of the saloon stair, clinging with all force to the balustrade, and what I then beheld will never be effaced from my memory.

Immense waves, resembling high mountains, surrounded our ship on all sides, and lifted it to their height, only to let it drop into the abyss. One could not conceive of a passage being made in the midst of these mountains of foaming water, which threatened to engulf it at each moment. I quickly descended, completely horrified, and the majority of the men on the deck did as I did. Hardly had they tried to contemplate this spectacle than one saw them returning, pale and mute. This terrible tempest lasted three days, during which no one took breath; one could do nothing: one waited. At last the wind fell, and we could enter Havre, where, after having landed, I vowed to myself that nevermore should month of March see me on the ocean.

The Sad Return

With what happiness I again saw France, after ten years passed in America! I remember my joy at the sight of a bouquet of lilacs. "Some lilacs!" said I, with tears in my eyes; "some lilacs! It is such a long time since I have seen any." The proprietress of the hotel, who had heard me, had a bouquet sent me to my room.

However, many were the astonishments and disillusions, which awaited me upon returning. My country, which had remained so beautiful in my memory, seemed to me barren, sad, dull, in comparison to the one I had just left...

One thing consoled me upon my return for the littleness of material existence. "Here I am, returned to the country of thought and progress," said I.

Alas! I found everything much changed. The Parisans no longer conversed: they smoked and spoke a kind of impossible cant. I fell back upon the theatres: comic operas alone were fashionable...

Where had the Gallic mind gone? Where had the language of the eighteenth century gone? Where had the gallantry and the elegant conversations of our fathers gone? I asked myself.

Was it then I who saw false, or the people of my country? That was the question I frequently set to myself with uneasiness.

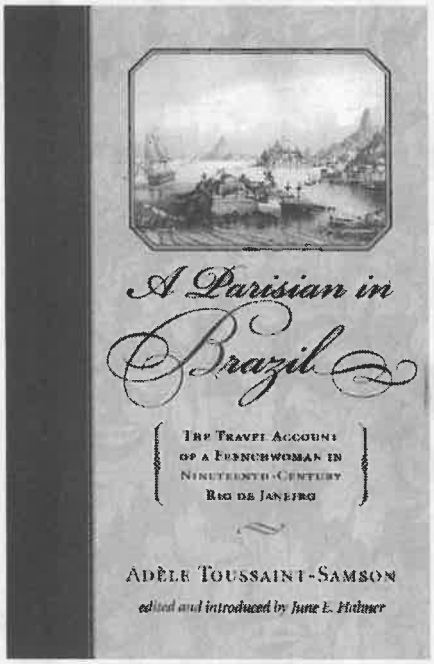
Whatever it may be, I acquired the conviction that when one has lived in those countries bathed in sunshine,

Caboclos

one can no more live anywhere else; and that when the soul has strongly steeped itself in the sight of the grand works of God, it can no longer understand the artificial life of our cities.

That is what makes me always *saudade* (homesick), as the Brazilians say, for South America, and that I long to see it once again before I die.

This piece is comprised of selections from *A Parisian in Brazil: The Travel Account of a Frenchwoman in Nineteenth-Century Rio De Janeiro*, edited by June E. Hahner, and published by Scholarly Resources.


A Parisian in Brazil
The Travel Account of a Frenchwoman in Nineteenth-Century Rio de Janeiro
Adèle Toussaint-Samson
edited and introduced by June E. Hahner

Ace of Clubs, continued from page 5.

• Monetary inducements will be duly acknowledged, and flattery, while appreciated, is by no means decisive.

• Enclosing pictures to show poet is of Japanese descent count for nothing.

• All poems beginning with 'Roses are red..." will be derided.

• Poems are judged on their merits hence points will be deducted for each accompanying testimonial.

• Submissions must comply to the traditional Haiku form. Limericks, sonnets, couplets, etc however inspiring won't do.

• Flagrant similarity to known or famous poetic works is not advised. Example:

–Shall I compare thee

–Beans, bean the musical fruit

–There's my last duchess

Please remember:

All Haiku's must contain three lines, the first of five syllables, the second of 7 syllables, and the third of five syllables.

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Prizes:

1st Prize: A crisp $50 bill. Now listen, before you sneer, know that $50 is the amount we generally pay authors for a feature article in the South American Explorer. Paying you $50 for three measly lines of poetry (assuming you win) would make you the highest paid writer in the history of this club.

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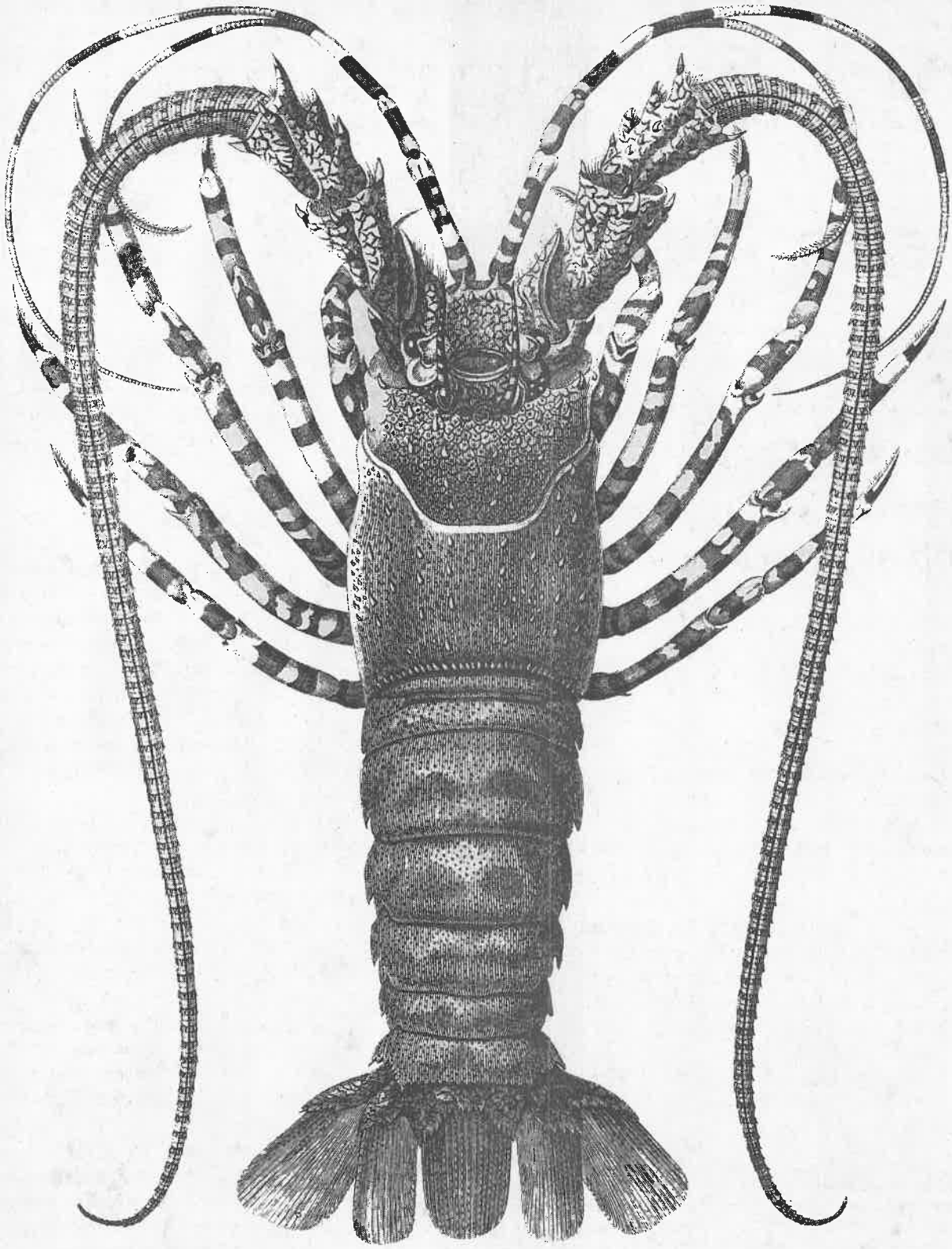

Trespassing on El Dorado

Sean Flaherty

"*TRONCO*," our lead man shouts in Spanish-*Log*, I translate silently—and we hop our bikes over it.

"*ESPINAS*," he hollers next-*Thorns*, I tell myself—and we swerve.

Then "*LANGOSTA*," he yells-*Lobster*?—and suddenly I'm at a loss, as something wickedly big and red comes flapping over his helmet and locks onto my jersey, alien-style.

No restaurant ever served me langosta like this.

Frantically, I knock the creature to the ground, and we all hit the brakes to look (in my case, gape) at what has to be the Grand Poobah of all locusts. A locust. Not a killer crustacean of the air, it's Jiminy Cricket's big brother, on steroids.

"*Caramba*," I confess in shaken gringo Spanish, "when I heard '*LANGOSTA*' and saw that thing flying at me, I thought it was really..."—my wit recovering enough for me to lie—"really...a very large *insecto*."

My five Colombian biking pals are less impressed: yes, the bug *es grandecito*, they say, a little big, and they pedal on. I, a California Yankee in the land of magic realism, must put the incident into focus. Perspective comes immediately in the style of *Kung Fu*'s Master Po: *Ah, Glasshoppah, a langosta winging along the trail is a force to be reckoned with, even when it is not a lob-stah.* More importantly, though, as the locust flutters away I realize it has left me with another experience for my file, the overflowing one marked "La Guajira."

Like *langosta*, *guajira* means more than one thing. In the Spanish of the New World, it refers to a female country bumpkin. In the ancient tongue of the local Indians, it's a brotherly friend. To cover any misinterpretations, smile when you say it: gwah-HEE-dah. *La* Guajira, however, is the starkly beautiful tropical desert peninsula that comprises the northernmost tip of South America. With sunshine in hellish extreme, it is as well Latin America's great, unsung purgatory. Above all, La Guajira, unholy union of yokel sister and fraternity brother, is the most lawless and baffling region in the whole lawless and baffling republic of Colombia. And don't you forget it.

Not to say you should stay away. *No, señor*, for the mountain biker who is intrepid, or merely hapless, wildness and enigma galore make La Guajira a riding adventure that is nothing short of, um, singular.

Just consider our on-any-Sunday ride so far. Skirting the hungover shantytown of Calabazo, we roused and fled a pack of scavenging feral dogs. We maneuvered through a herd of horny Zebu cattle being driven by a barefoot boy so young he still sucked his thumb. We greeted one cigar-chewing crone, startled two squawking macaws, and piled up ("I BRAKE FOR IGUANAS") three speeding bikes...all this before a lobster flew, and the bells of the early Mass are only now starting to ring.

Another perfect day in Hades.

Nevertheless, La Guajira is a peninsula with a past. It was here in 1499 that Spanish explorers first encountered an unknown continent. It was in the nearby Sierra Nevada de Santa Marta that they first found Indian gold. Most significantly, this wealth, coupled with rumors of fantastic treasures further inland, gave birth to the legend of a king-

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Expatriate by accident, Sean Flaherty went to Colombia in 1980 in search of the Fountain of Youth. Instead he discovered his soul mate, his calling as a teacher, and an incurable addiction to passion fruit juice. Now 43, Flaherty believes there is a fountain of youth in his son's and daughter's eyes. He lives in Cartagena.

dom of gold mountains littered with emerald stones, the fabled El Dorado.

Dreams of this gilded kingdom incited a gold rush that busted the Americas wide open. In its prime, the legend inspired countless feverish expeditions, which netted enough of the incorruptible (and thus corrupting) ore to keep the times as interesting as a Chinese curse; yet, a real El Dorado was never found. That's fine by today's mythology buffs, for in this way the fabulous Cadillac of legends has preserved its power to beguile. The allure of El Dorado is its enduring mystery, its promise eternal like the unconsummated kiss of two lovers frozen in time on a Grecian urn. Part of us is *always* on the lookout for an El Dorado, real or not.

we... fled a pack of scavenging feral dogs

That, in fact, is why today we *trocheros* (pathfinders), Nestor, Rafael, Pacho, Eduardo, Guillermo, and I, are undertaking a feverish venture of our own: a dawn-to-dusk, do-or-die, 50-mile dirt ride—with a twist. With the mercury hitting 100+ degrees in the midday shade, it's certifiable madness, but it's also a quest, ongoing and obsessive.

On the heels of the short but impassibly muddy monsoons, we're resuming our delirious search for a mountain path rumored to link our selection of the best singletrack from the trail network we're on now with the greatest hits of another extensive network. It is only this enticing yet elusive passage that stands between us and what in singular off-road biking equates to...well, to wealth immeasurable: The Ultimate Guajira One-Day Trail Ride. With romantic gumption, we weekend conquistadors have dubbed this imagined golden pathway *el sendero perdido de El Dorado*, the lost trail of El Dorado—or just El Dorado, for short.

Another perfect day in Hades.

As we trundle over a stretch of gnarly roots, of all times, our front man Eduardo tells me a joke. Actually, he has to shout the joke with his voice bouncing all over the place. When God was creating the Earth, it goes, St. Peter (present at the Creation through the grace of anachronism) watched with mounting disbelief as the Lord endowed Colombia with two oceans, numerous mountain ranges and rivers, lush jungles, fertile savannas, boundless plains, and unimaginably abundant flora and fauna. Finally, St. Peter asked the Almighty if it was fair to give so much to one small country. And God said, "Wait 'til you see the *people* I'm going to put there."

Eduardo laughs—he realizes *he's* one of those people, people that clearly like to laugh about their own roguishness, garden-variety Colombians *supposedly* made in God's own image. But just a second...how much worse, how much more threatening, then, does that make the folks that mainstream Colombians say are no joke at all, the outlaw caste of La Guajira?

Nobody knows what God had in mind when he put *Guajiros* on arid wasteland, but everyone here and in neighboring Venezuela agrees that these homeboys are *formidable*. Notorious as much for their immoderate loyalty to friends as their treachery against enemies, Guajiros are given to blood feuds that have been known to last for generations and wipe out entire surnames. Every night they spirit convoys of contraband across the desert from clandestine ports to the town of Maicao, a virtual clearinghouse for black market entrepreneurs and also a few arms dealers. In the provincial capital of Riohacha, one in every half dozen *machos* packs a *pistola*. By its own admission, the Guajira breed is clannish, vengeful, and renegade—and those are its good points.

On the wilder side, the local guerrilla franchises and union groups take turns setting up occasional weekend roadblocks and barbecuing the buses they seize. The stretch of two-lane asphalt between Riohacha and Maicao is considered the most perilous highway in the nation not for its charbroiled vehicles, however, or even its record-holding number of drunk-driving accidents, but for assaults by *piratas terrestres*—literally, "land pirates". Called highwaymen in the King's English, what they are in simple 'mericun, by jeezus, is desperados. All in all, then, for the spin-doctors at the Guajira Chamber of Commerce, business-as-usual is a never-ending PR nightmare. No wonder so many Colombians used to tell me, "Verily, one goes to La Guajira solely to encounter oneself with the bad luck."

"Is possible," I would say, "but the bad luck makes good stories, no?"

as interesting as a Chinese curse

"Always it has been thus," they'd reply. "But thou shouldst not go to La Guajira, gringo. At best, thou shalt meet with the Untoward." Hemingway Spanglish aside, it had been food for thought. Finally I moved here with my wife and two kids.

Happily, on this wanna-be biking epic we've met with nothing Untoward up to now. The hoof-marked singletrack twists serenely through green and shady woodland that fringes the desert's only significant river. At the moment the muddy Rancheria is swollen from rainfall in the Sierra Nevada, the highest coastal mountains on the planet. Outpacing the lazy flow, we pass under a railroad bridge and cut through squatters' farms, the path becoming tricky enough in places to keep us honest. Honesty sometimes hurts: the trail, now a narrow stone ledge, makes a diving hairpin turn over the loose stones of a dry gully, only to jolt steeply up through loose rock and dirt into some scrub-covered hills. It hurts so good. The vividly anatomical name we've given this gauntlet is not fit to print in either English or Spanish.

That the Guajiros could thrive in this rugged land is only the first testimony to their unyielding spirit. Since the Conquest, their fierce cunning and resilience have let them reverse the role of native Latin Americans as victims of colonial exploitation. Ultimately Guajiros have always exploited their would-be exploiters. True, as masters of the desert, the early Guajiros could afford to develop a contentious attitude toward the invaders from Spain. Their surliness was tempered, though, by an eager adaptation to Spanish idiosyncrasies, at least to those that served their

interests. Located on a major trade route, the semi-nomadic hunters and gatherers soon became upstart traders and smugglers, swapping pearls and goats for contraband whiskey and weapons, and serving as guides for illicit (i.e., non-Spanish) slave dealers. Then the Guajiros became cowboys. What began with rustling and bartering was later actively promoted by the Spanish, who figured it would be easier to conquer sedentary ranchers. Think again. The Spaniards found out the hard way that the nouveau cattlemen had used Spain's enemies to arm themselves. Finally, the Spanish vamoosed for good, and so until the start of the 20th century the new and improved Guajiros ruled supreme, smuggling, honing their culture, raising cattle and hell in general.

By the early 1970s, the once provincial smuggling network had evolved itself into a big-time player in the worldwide marijuana boom. The rise and fall of Guajira-grown pot trafficking marked the capriciously violent and extravagant age of the *marimberos*, the Riohacha marijuana kingpins. Since the mid-80s, however, La Guajira has experienced the giddy, free-lunch kind of bonanza that too often accompanies sanctioned environmental opportunism. A broad valley in the region's Central Zone, in fact, is so rich in coal that it sports one of the world's largest open-pit mining operations, lending this no-man's land a veneer of respectability.

wipe out entire surnames

Hence, the reductionist history of La Guajira: animal, vegetable, mineral—cattle, weed, and coal.

The multi-national *carbon* biz, in fact, is ultimately why my fellow riders (mining engineers), myself (a teacher), and our families came to live in an enclosed camp near an ever-widening hole. The infrastructure and services of camp life approximate those of middle class America, but this standard of living seems obscenely affluent in the face-slapping grittiness of our surroundings. So, paradoxically, the artificial, numbingly comfortable conditions that sustain us here are the very things that have driven us to connect with the authentic Guajira. Of course, the security people at our military-styled camp have always frowned on any civilian connection with life outside. Still, they do their duty by regularly feeding us important intelligence information: we are told exactly whom the guerrillas are looking to kidnap (everybody), where it's safe to ride (nowhere), and also when we should ride (never).

"Terrorists will also seize your bicycles," one security chief admonished, as if we were dilettantes out slumming. "Thus, should a disgrace befall you, please recall for what *La Compania* will be responsible."

"Yes", we said, remembering the Company's bottom-line response to its Alaskan oil disaster, "*nada*".

There *are* guerrillas in our midst—kidnapping and the bombing of power and railway lines are even increasing (the Company isn't the territory's only outfit that is socially unconscious)—but no one in our biking group feels threatened enough to follow the narrow company line. Color us party poopers, but the corporate concept of a risk-free existence strikes us as being, oh, a tad stifling, sterile, and self-serving...let alone impossible. So, we keep our eyes open, riding only when and where the risks seem reasonably low. In five years, we've never met with trouble. No doubt selective abstention has helped: when a patrol of about 30 guerrillas was making a series of hit-and-run propaganda visits to neighboring towns, for instance, we did stay within camp confines a few weeks; a wise choice, but one that, as always, left us restless. Safety and money allow us to live, but the unparalleled biking helps us feel alive.

And El Dorado awaits. From hilly singletrack we hook up with an unpaved "national highway", originally an old contraband road, in the heart of Indian ranchland. A teeth-rattling downhill leads to a rusty bridge across the Rancheria. Loosely following the river, we hug the foot of the hills for a mile and then slip onto a track that picks its way though goat-nibbled shrubs crowding the barbed-wired edge of a small village.

barbecuing the buses they seize

The cluster of mud-and-stick huts belongs to the Wayuu (say: Why *you*?), the most indigenous of Guajiros and a proud, matriarchal culture. Indeed, at the moment three Wayuu women imperiously regard our interloping. In turn, we benignly regard their *mantas*, brightly colored sack dresses which billow in the wind like sails and contrast starkly with the surrounding bleakness. While not as dramatic as *mantas*, the loincloths or skirts traditionally worn by Wayuu men do suit the gentlemen's means of transportation: donkey, mule, horse—and bicycle. *Sí*, for generations, Wayuus have been wheeling fat-tire contraband bikes along desert game routes and their own blazing trails.

The village behind, we swoop now onto a very blazing trail, thick woods arching low to make a leafy, mile-long tube that invites breakneck speed. The ribbon of beaten clay rollercoasters with centrifugal whoopee and falls away blindly on several curves. Saplings snag at bar ends, stumps grab at pedals, ceiba trees branch out for spiky headhunting. *Amigos*, it's recess time.

As berm-meisters of this groovefest, the Wayuu know the paths good for smuggling unskilled laborers across the mountains to jobs in Venezuela. They know the exotic roadkill, from boas to anteaters to rhinoceros beetles. Most of all, these tenacious off-road warriors, shunned by the mainstream (i.e., white) Guajiran power structure, know that the bicycle, as an Irish revolutionary once pronounced, is the perfect anarchist tool: Wayuu cyclists are able to disregard totally the border that Colombia and Venezuela dispute constantly.

In fact, all-terrain biking plays a pithy role in Wayuu culture, integrating transportation, communication, exercise, identity, and no doubt other dimensions that gringos tend to view separately. Of course, a Wayuu is probably quite unaware of his holistic unity and is all the better for it. Unlike us, he'd never put *his* bike on a car and drive somewhere else to ride it.

bad luck makes good stories, no?

But can such differences explain why most Wayuu riders are so reserved with us trend-hip dirtheads? While they return our greetings, usually, they never initiate their own. If they ask us anything, it's either where we're going or where we've been, and whenever they answer *our* innocuous, how-ya-doin'/which-way type questions, they seem downright cagey. What gives? We may be hell-bent for El Dorado, but we're not frickin' land pirates.

"The Wayuu are intimidated by the *superioridad* of our bicycles," Pacho explains, an ironic thought since a death rattle in his superior rear suspension has us momentarily stopped. For me, there are more compelling factors to account for Wayuu reserve: the tribal history of relationships with *arijunas*—outsiders, the disharmony of our *loco* times, and our flashy biking attire, to name only three. Consider five centuries of thwarting paleface scams, modern life's slo-mo pratfall, *and* our space-age riding duds, and, *coños*, we're lucky the Wayuu even let us on their trails, much less embrace us as *compadres*.

Lamentably, I can't articulate this *en español*, so what I actually tell Pacho comes out something like, "Forgive me, my swarthy friend, but respectfully I am not of accord with thee. Less for our finer machines are the Wayuu cyclists not tranquil than for our old bad blood and the modern ills implied by our tight, bright bike shorts." Understandably, Pacho remains silent.

Guillermo suggests we consult a friendly half-Wayuu storekeeper who has closed shop to ride with us a few times, but the debate only clouds further: this rider forgoes both loincloth and lycras for a pair of tattered, polka dot muscle pants. "Somebody call a doctor," my inner gringo says, "of anthropology."

Where we shoot out of the green tunnel into scrub brush, the trail weaves through prickly cactus and then ascends, degenerating into dust and sharp, loose rocks. Pushing our bikes, we crest a hilltop ranch where we are surprised to see, seated on a circle of cowhide chairs, about fifteen Wayuu men who are literally doubled over with laughter. They don't seem drunk, much less aware of us, but their hooting so completely contradicts their public impassiveness it's contagious. There's even a laugh from Pacho, who for my benefit deadpans, "One could suppose that they are making fun of our lycras."

Our butts then bump rubber, skidding down the sheer edge of a hill that has been dynamite-blasted away for the coal train. We briefly crunch gravel along the tracks and then halt to heave our bikes over a wooden gate before heading to the river again. From the high bank we see Wayuu girls washing clothes. A pot of goat stew boils on the sandy shore. We lunge down and, kicking up a spray, gain enough momentum in the shallow water to scramble up the other side.

There *are* guerrillas in our midst

A pebbly, bust-a-lung climb takes us to the top of a rise that overlooks a rolling expanse. Thanks to a blanket of overcast stretching to the horizon, the expanse of sparse grazing land to the south and dense woodland to the north is lit up brighter than the sky itself. The land seems actually to shine from within, as across both sides of it entire acacia trees explode with impossibly yellow blooms. Within moments, dozens of yellow wasps arrive to sip our salty sweat. We quickly escape unstung down a long, fast doubletrack to the line separating the forest from the plain. As we spin along the lip of the two terrains, we surrender to a rhythm that walks a razor's edge as only true Beauty can. Halting stone steps jam with flowing silken runs, the whole piece moving like classic rock 'n' roll, reflective one riff, headlong the next. When a family of endangered Howler monkeys leap and swing overhead, I pull over to witness the spectacle. Their chorus of grunts thunders like rumbles in the devil's belly.

Yet again, El Dorado calls. I shortly

hook up with Nestor, who has stopped to rest. Earlier, he had taken a fall in a noble attempt not to run over a "sleeping iguana"; unfortunately, such nobility had made Pacho and Rafa fall too. It is of absolutely no importance that the iguana had not been sleeping after all, but dead.

the perfect anarchist tool

Do Nestor's ribs still hurt? "Yes, but only when I breathe," he replies, totally straightfaced. Thus, we proceed.

The rest of our possessed crew has gathered just short of an arroyo crossing. We all proceed stealthily to the shore where in the past we've spooked such fauna as armadillo, paca, toucan, and even ringtail cat, peccary, and flamingo. At our approach, a giant blue heron stalking the shallows beats its wings into flight.

Presently, arriving at a communal farm, we are greeted warmly by the head *campesino*. "Woman," he croaks, "bring *tinto*!" Wearing curlers made from toilet paper rolls, the peasant's wife serves us demitasses of strong, sweet Colombian espresso. Last year the Venezuelan military forced this couple and hundreds of other squatters off the rich farmland across the mountain border. Most walked away with only the proverbial clothes on their backs, but this family lost more: their draft-aged son was carried off on the skids of an army helicopter, presumably to serve in the Venezuelan army—they've heard nothing of him since. On parcels of land loaned by the Colombian government, the dispossessed squatters formed a community, putting to immediate use the clothes and other goods we pooled for them at the mining camp. As we sip our coffee, we're shown how a porch will serve as a school, and then we mount up to say *adios*.

Another river crossing takes us to La Isla, a village of the Wayuu partridge clan. After admiring their new windmill and well, we pick up a piece of smooth singletrack that slithers dream-like downriver for miles through Wayuu farms and riparian forest. Pausing only to open and close the occasional barbed wire gate, our brisk pace increases with the morning heat. This is too much for Rafael, who, inexplicably, always does his complaining in English: "Ey, my frens, whay don' we le's go a more conversacional es-peed?" Whether or not Rafa intends to make himself sound funny, sophisticated, or like an alter-ego messenger, our guiding spirit, El-duardo, only responds by ratcheting up the velocity another notch.

a pair of tattered, polka dot muscle pants

Farther along, we pass an old Wayuu woman who fleetingly eyes us, then stares beyond us glassily like the alcoholic so far gone she's stopped looking twice at what she reckons to be hallucinations. Just to see what she will say, Guillermo asks her how far it is to the highway, as the Wayuu sense of distance and time is mysteriously flux—or rather fixed: every destination, no matter how far removed, is said to be fifteen minutes away. The woman apparently speaks no Spanish, however, or maybe thinks we're not real enough to merit an answer. On this dream trail, she might well be right.

They are making fun of our lycras.

Eventually, we run through a crop of manioc to the farm of Doña Amelia, matriarch of the Wayuu clan of the buzzard. Paying our respects is a given. Amelia holds court in a colorful hammock hung in the shade of a thatched kiosk. With almost unnerving self-possession, she has servants bring out a motley selection of chairs for us, followed by hollowed gourds filled with *chicha*, a brew of sugared, lumpy, fermented corn. Luckily, drinking *chicha* is less offensive than declining it.

As usual, Amelia delivers the local weekend gossip—the kidnapping of a vice-president of a security guard service ("Not very good at his business, was he?" she observes caustically) and the follies of a wayward film unit shooting a primetime soap titled *Guajira* ("These *arijunas* ask endless questions about the most quotidian things"). When we prepare to go, she invites us to a celebration of her youngest daughter's graduation from law school next month. "It will be nice if you come," she says, Don-Corleone-like, "and bring my daughter a leather briefcase—on sale in Maicao for $250." An offer we can't refuse.

Leaving the river, we crank along a sandy track that will wind through flat, thin woodland to end at buzzard clan headquarters, the village of Urapa. Nestor thinks we're mimick-

ing Wayuus when we say we'll be there in fifteen minutes, but a quarter of an hour later we reach the village boundary, a haunting, bone-dry gulch that echoes the sentiment of a 19th century surveyor for the Royal Geographic Society: "La Guajira is interesting," F.S. Simmons wrote, "but not beautiful."

In Urapa, the *Guajira* film crew is shooting its Wayuu sequences and having a curious effect on the locals: between takes, a clan elder tries to sell me a baseball cap fashioned grotesquely from ocelot skin. (Only 35,000 pesos, he says, about 25 bucks. He drops the price to $20, then all the way to $10. I almost offer him 50,000 to let the next ocelot live.) To slip out of town, we bounce along a treelined arroyo that borders rich patches of grazing land. Above, cumuli clouds are massing transcendentally white against wild desert blue. Interesting *and* beautiful.

Emerging onto the sizzling blacktop that leads back to the camp, our tires hum south for half a mile, and then we hold up to buy bags of cool water at "Gasolinera La Fortuna". Like something from *Mad Max*, this filling station consists of a barrel of murky fuel, a siphon hose, and ocher-toothed Pancracio, the attendant. Here, a trio of Bogota biologists is waiting to flag down a bus. Filthy and ecstatic, they just discovered not one, but two new species of bat in the hills where we're headed. "We go now," one gushes, "to a bay near from Cabo de la Vela to reunite ourselves with colleagues who study the rare alligator of saltwater!" *Muy* exciting, guys...any sign of El Dorado? Sadly, no.

With the trailhead nearby, we're soon pumping toward the frontier-mountains. Gradually, the rain-glutted vegetation grows jungly. Cactus gives way to fern, while lianas climb like Hindu ropes to a flourishing canopy. Sweet deliverance from the wet season, this overgrown doubletrack offers puddles for dodging or dunking, traction on the most eroded ascents, and intervals so wooly we feel we're in hot pursuit of an elephant running amok.

Wasps arrive to sip our salty sweat.

In the dappled shadows of a giant almond tree, tiny blossoms drifting down through spears of light, we find a young Wayuu cyclist with a flat tire. Howdy, *hombre*, need a patch? He observes us blankly, then bites off a piece of coarse thread made from cactus fiber and—get this—ties the punctured part of the innertube into a little airtight nub. The old tube is so riddled with such nubs it looks positively spiny. We, who arm ourselves against lethal Guajiran thorns with a high-tech arsenal of thick tubes, tough tire liners, and slimy flat preventative, are impressed. *Patches? He don't need no stinking patches*. Effortlessly, the preposterous resourcefulness of McGyver and the loopy logic of Dr. Seuss have synergized into a wholly winning scenario: cactus thorn flattens tube, cactus thread fixes tube, thread-fixed tube *looks* like thorny cactus. The moral, while obvious, is nonetheless appealing—fight cactus with cactus. But wait...as the young man finishes inflating the tire with a battered foot pump, he declares, "Well, then, now I will take one of your patches." In tribute to wily Wayuu adaptability, we give him an entire repair kit; later we kick ourselves for being clueless wreakers of cultural havoc, as if.

Spent by our indulgence in tropical spring fever, we escape the high noon heat at *Pozo Tigre*, Jaguar Pool, a ravine of mossy grottos strung together by a turquoise stream. While we snack on dried bananas and guava candy, a procession of cutter ants drops dime-sized leaf cuttings from a branch onto a compost pile, not food storage but a farm for the unique leaf mold the ants eat. Butterfly wings flash iridescent blue with each downward flap, as we soak in the blue water of a spring that flows clear from the foot of a mountain. Lounging on half-submerged rocks, we examine clam and conch fossils and scan the creek bed for the kind of pre-Colombian axheads and scraping tools we've found near here before. Our thoughts turn to Time. Nobody naps.

Lianas climb like Hindu ropes.

There's no time for a *siesta* when the lost trail of El Dorado may be only a stone's throw away. Still only *may be*, after many months of searching. Right before the monsoons started, a woodsman bathing here told us where to pick up a trail that supposedly crossed the mountains and came out at our other favorite singletrack network. As leads go, this is rather concrete, but we're not holding our breath, since we've spent so many Sunday mornings on either side of the mountains tracking down what turn out to be dead ends. *Spent* rather than *wasted*—it's more the going than the getting there that keeps our spirits high. Indeed, the only pea under our mental mattress is perhaps a slight wariness of success. (What challenge could fill our Sundays to come?) Anyway, now that the mud is mostly dry, the only thing to do to realize The

Ultimate Guajira One-Day Trail Ride is, *apparently,* in the best of all possible worlds, connects the dots.

The trailhead, it turns out, is surprisingly close. In fact, it is a path we'd once checked out and dismissed after we saw it led to a farm downstream from Pozo Tigre. What we hadn't seen was how the trail forked off above the farm to a path less taken. Now, we grind up the twisted, rutted edge of a hillside cornfield until the track becomes a long, rutted transversal up the mountain. So far, the track shows promise, then comes a hitch: down on the farm, a Wayuu is waving his arms at us. "Hey! That's not the way!" he shouts. "That's not the *way...NO HAY SALIDA*!" There's no way out, he says, with such intense concern as no Wayuu has ever before shown us.

fight cactus with cactus

In the face of this quandary, we don't stop but instinctively bunch together. Why, when we have been told particularly that this was the way, are we now being told that it's not? Why would the man lie? Is he protecting a secret pot crop from us, or us from its keepers? Are we headed for a guerrilla hideaway? Or does he maybe, just maybe, want to keep El Dorado all for himself? While such wholesome thoughts cross our minds, the only words actually spoken, almost in chorus, are, "Why the hell is he saying that?"

Obviously, being on the mountain, we hold the upper hand. What could he do if we kept going—climb up and engage us in B-movie combat, *mano-a-mano*? Not damn likely. Not only do we outnumber him six to one but we have a ten-minute lead, bikes, and a machete. And yet, what if *he* has a lot of friends, a motorcycle, a shotgun? What if there *is* no way out? Or worse, what if something awaits us that is unspeakably...*Untoward*?

Are we headed for a guerrilla hideaway?

Is he protecting a secret pot crop?

Most individuals who grab for adventure do so because such opportunity knocks too rarely. What nudges *us* into the queasy unknown, though, is not seize-the-day obsession but workaday momentum, the very pedestrian desire to surmount an unfamiliar obstacle without having to stop. Screw the beer-ad gusto, we wanna keep climbing the hill. Thus, in silent complicity, we feign ignorance and wave down greetings. "*Buenas tardes*!" we yell and keep going, though appreciably faster than before. While undeniably stupid, we are not desperate men, and yet, we have just become land pirates, trespassing, hopefully, on El Dorado.

Above, the cornfield is being reclaimed by jungle. The trail, on the other hand, remains clean due to the traffic of hooves and whatever has been carving the ruts, apparently a steady flow of something hard and heavy dragged downhill during the rains. The ascent assumes a thigh-burning pitch, but two curves later we straddle the dip in a saddle mountain, towering trees with bromeliads, Spanish moss, and chattering parrots all around us.

After a brief cruise up the ridge we plunge into the range for some shady silent running. Abruptly, however, the ruts lead to a blindingly bright, ravaged swath of timber, the handiwork of illicit woodcutters. The trail, like a few of our best runs, appears to be a byproduct of the illegal lumber racket (as other trails of choice have been lost to the expanding coal mine). The ruts start here, where logs were strapped to burros and shuttled to the farm over the mountain. Such deforestation is heartbreaking, but there's little in Colombia's poor economy to keep a *campesino* breadwinner from chopping down trees. The Wayuu farmer who wanted to protect his secret income by telling us there was no way out may actually have been telling the truth.

The trail, at least, goes on, as we coast through haphazard devastation. Just ahead of me, Eduardo leans down and then calls back "COBWEB", but too late. My red jersey gets plastered with a large dark web, earning me the nickname "*El Hombre Araña*". "The Espider Mahn," Rafael translates. Soon the jungle peters out into grass-and-creepers pasture spotted by termite mounds and something else: thousands of white and yellow butterflies flitting along in the breeze, harbingers of the dry season in a country that boasts more butterflies than any other on earth.

The path continues southwest, the general direction of our other trail system. We've never been closer, we know, and yet despite my excitement, part of me plainly doesn't want this to be the lost trail of El Dorado. The Ultimate Guajira One-Day Trail Ride, like El Dorado itself, has come to represent a fantastic realm, utopian in exotica, but precariously ripe for pillage. While we all may seek our El Dorados, it's probably better that we don't discover them; if by some miracle we do, better we trespass lightly, stirring little but our senses. Nothing corrupts and disappoints like staking claim to the stuff that dreams are made of. Keeping our mark off of El Dorado preserves our weekends forever.

It has started to rain, and still the

sun is shining. As we roll over a scrubby knoll, below in the distance appears the terrain we've long been seeking. Just connecting the dots to the west will make The Ultimate Guajira One-Day Trail Ride ours at last. The best of all possible rides, I had believed.

But, hey, what's that other path forking over the hill to the *east*? Where does *that* lead? My friends and I contemplate the freshly opened way ("What if *that's* the Ultimate Guajira One-Day Trail Ride?"). We glance at each other and then, in mixed feelings of reluctance and gratitude, save it for another day. We will complete the Ultimate Ride *du jour*. We will stick to the El Dorado trail of the day, treading lightly.

Regardless of this "lost" trail we've encountered, El Dorado proper will never truly be found, for the same reason that it was never really lost: it's always somewhere just over the next hill, just beyond our reach, forever beyond the reach of everything, really, but dreaming itself. A faint rainbow arcs to the east of us: I dream of riding there. As ever after, El Dorado enkindled a search, and the search, for better or worse, uncovered a continent. Beyond wild land and the chance to explore it, there are few greater treasures.

Whatever remains of the spirit of El Dorado may reveal itself to me, later, once exhaustion has seeped into my bones, but now more earthly pleasures await...a pounding waterfall massage at the next oasis, an endorphin romp, wheels circling amidst leaves that drift down haiku-like to meet their gliding shadows, and a homeward view of the Sierra Nevada backlit by the gold of a hidden sun.

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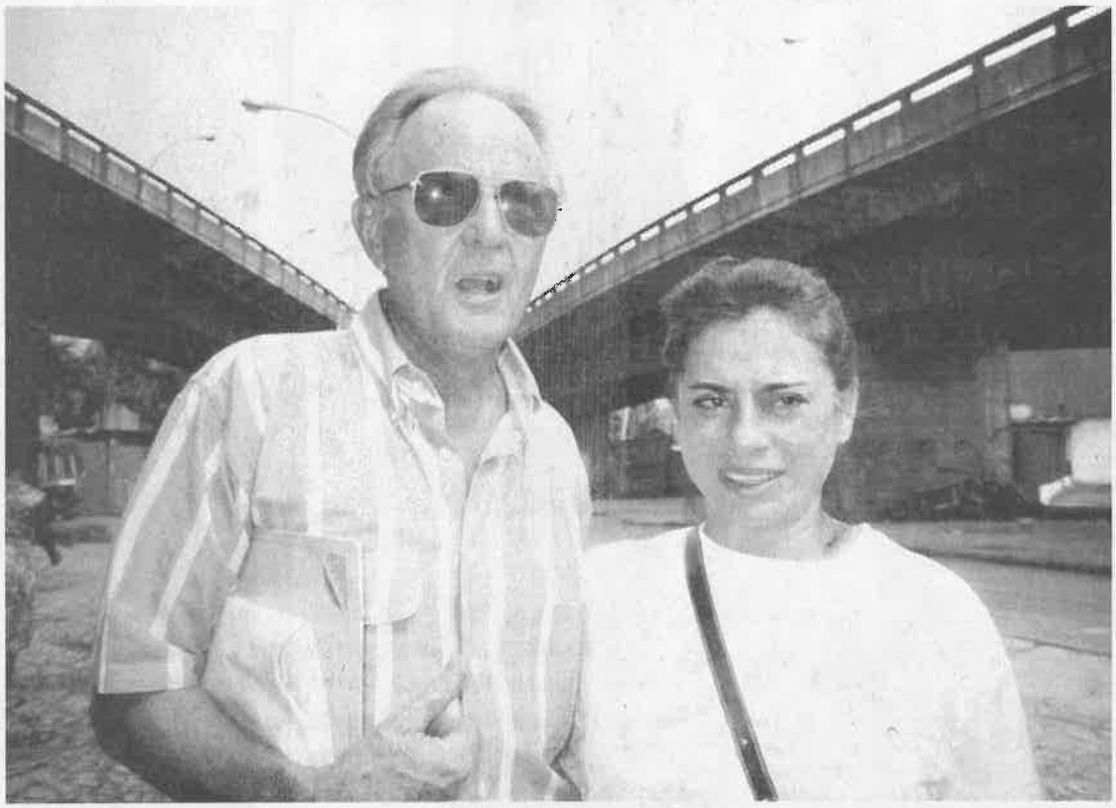


Yvonne Bezerra DeMello with an American missionary who stops by to help.

Hope under the Aqueduct

Shirley Moscow

After six years as a volunteer social worker among the street people of Rio de Janeiro, Yvonne Bezerra DeMello was left with a question: If drug lords can organize a community for evil, why can't we organize a community for good? Her response was to start a school.

In Rio de Janeiro, where the gulf between rich and poor is as wide as anywhere in the world, her school stands out as a symbol of hope for street kids from four to 14-years-old. The school is a dilapidated shack of cardboard and scraps of wood. It lies in the shadow of Rio's Aqueducta dur Carioca, in one of the city's grimmest slums, hovels of cardboard cartons, home to some 350 families. These slum-dwellers bathe and wash their clothes in the polluted canal. Children sometimes slip into the canal, which lacks a guardrail, and drown in its murky waters.

"With my school, I want people to see that they don't have to go into the streets," says Yvonne (pronounced Ee-von-ee), as she prefers to be called.

Her schoolhouse, with its gaily-painted slabs of cardboard, leans against the pilings of the Aqueduct. Tourists often ride the Santa Teresa Trolley across the Aqueduct, but rarely pay attention to the rubble and cardboard cartons beneath.

For ten years and with the help of only a handful of volunteers, Yvonne has been waging a heroic battle against poverty, and its many faces. For street kids, her school is a haven, a place to get away from the begging, stealing, drug dealing, prostitution, or the beating and rapes they endure at home. Also, the free lunch the kids get at school may be the only food they get all day. The children are educated until the age 14, when the school helps them find jobs.

Rio's streets are dangerous. Period. Tourists, even natives, are cautioned by the police to be wary. Despite the dangers, Yvonne moves confidently among the poor. At her school she wears old t-shirts, shorts, and cheap plastic thongs—in contrast to the finely tailored suits she favors for official functions. Only the designer shoulder bag slung crosswise over her chest hints at her other life.

Yvonne is sometimes called Brazil's Mother Theresa. Like Mother Theresa, she, too, was born into the upper class. Educated in Switzerland and France, she married a successful businessman and could have enjoyed a life of ease and privilege. Instead, the 54-year-old grandmother, mother of three adult children, and sculptor, whose work appears in private collections around the world, has devoted the last two decades of her life to the poor. Some wealthy people, who were her friends, now regard her as a

"I see travel writing as a way to foster understanding among different peoples," says Boston-based freelancer Shirley Moskow. Her articles appear in metropolitan newspapers and magazines in this country and abroad. She also has written two books and contributed to others.

Inside the one-room schoolhouse children escape the harsh reality of life on the streets.

traitor to her class.

"The upper and middle classes need to know the nightmarish conditions their maids endure," says Yvonne. "In Rio, malnutrition is pervasive, preventative health care, nonexistent. Children are dying of tuberculosis and syphilis. In the slums, no child sleeps eight hours straight. Why? Gunshots, a brawl outside, or his mother having sex. Girls as young as five are raped by their mother's boyfriends. Girls, 9 to 14-years-old, are responsible for 20 percent of reported births."

Children drown in its murky waters

Street people adore Yvonne. As soon as her driver pulls up in front of the schoolhouse, children swarm around her familiar gray Volkswagen. It's a hug for a four-year-old boy with gonorrhea who responds with puppy-like glee; his arms lassoing her waist. A tender stroke on the cheek for a nine-year-old girl with scabs on her head, and a warm welcome for two teenage boys. Their families have thrown them out because they are gay. They now live on the streets and work as prostitutes.

A skinny young woman waits by the schoolhouse door. Yvonne asks how she is. The woman shyly lifts the side of her blouse to reveal ugly, healing wounds. It was Yvonne who took this woman to the hospital, after her husband had doused her with gasoline and set her on fire.

a heroic battle against poverty

"In the years I've been working in the streets, I have seen many bad things," says Yvonne. "Still, I don't like charity. It's not the answer." For Yvonne, the solution to Rio's street crime is only possible through education and jobs. She brazenly uses her family's social status, to lobby and gain access to government officials, even Brazil's president himself, on behalf of her poverty-stricken constituents. An outspoken gadfly, Yvonne enjoys enormous support from the poor. Yet she feels that some critics would say anything to keep her from public office.

Nonetheless, her work is widely recognized. UNESCO honored her with the Femme Lumiere (Enlightened Women of the Century) Award, and UNICEF has applauded her con-

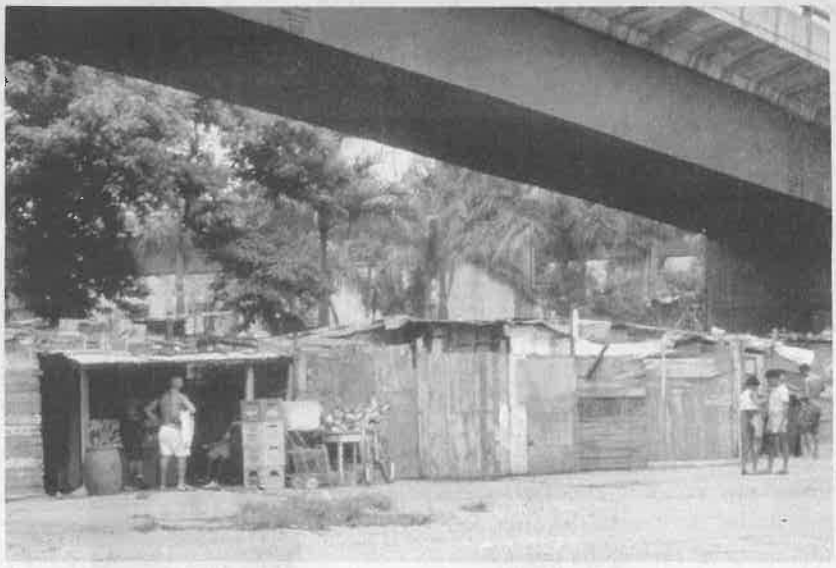
Bathing and washing take place in a canal that has no guardrails.

tributions to AIDS prevention programs. Her book, The Lost Sheep and The Butcher, sets forth her central belief: 'trust tames aggressive impulses.'

the only food they get all day

"We have to prevent children from ending up on the streets. Street kids die young," she says. Some policemen treat street children as vermin—to be shot with impunity. More than 400 children have been murdered on Rio's streets in a single year, often by the police. Little notice is taken of this slaughter.

But things changed on July 23, 1993. That night, police gunned down eight street kids in front of Candelaria Church. This crime might have gone unnoticed as well, but for Yvonne. She had been with the children that morning and, as she usually does, had given them five coins to telephone her five times during the day. Around midnight, a terrified seven-year-old called. "They're killing us!" he screamed.



About 350 of Rio's poorest people live in shanties under the Aqueducta dur Carioca.

a traitor to her class

Suspecting that "they" might be the police, Yvonne immediately alerted the press. "When I arrived at the church ten minutes later," she recalls, "some of the children were already dead. I stayed with 12 survivors until 7 am the next morning."

Students wait to greet Yvonne outside their schoolhouse.

Some policemen treat street children as vermin

The story of the massacre spread quickly around the globe, and the world watched to see what Brazil would do. With unflagging vigilance, Yvonne kept the story alive until justice was done. And for the first time in Rio's history, a policeman stood trial for the murder of street children. He was found guilty and sentenced to the maximum penalty, 39 years. Lest the world forget the children, Yvonne has created a memorial sculpture in their honor.

"They're killing us!" he screamed.

"Today millions of people lack dignity," says Yvonne. "They feel the have no future. But Brazil is a young country. Sixty percent of the population is under the age of 30. We have to let them know they have a great role to play in the new Brazil. My school is for street kids who will share that future."

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Robbery, Amazon Style

Joyce Gregory Wyels

Some of the following names have been changed to protect the guilty.

Wrenched from a deep sleep, I look around. The beam from a flashlight dances across my face. A man's voice nearby is saying something about guns.

Loading the boats in Iquitos.

Southern California freelance writer Joyce Gregory Wyels specializes in travel and cross-cultural topics. Her stories have appeared in publications as varied as Américas, Civilization, Literary Trips, Marie Claire, Reader's Digest, and Travelers' Tales. South America (apart from the Peruvian Amazon) is a favorite destination.

There are some men here with guns.

The flashlight illuminates my fragile cocoon of mosquito netting. I recognize the voice of José Luis, head guide at our remote Amazon River lodge. "There are some men here with guns," he says. "They want your money."

Suddenly wide-awake, I grope for my wallet, slip out my American dollars, and shove them under the netting to Jose. I lie rigid as José Luis goes on to the other white rectangles of mosquito net in our dormitory room. At each stop, he rouses the other members of our group and conveys the same threat, "There are some men with guns. They want your money."

Nauta.

Lake Ubos; Moisés fishing, a local resident.

I feel a knot tightening in my stomach. Jose collects money from the other members of the tour group. I don't want to draw attention by some thoughtless action like flexing a knee, or scratching a mosquito bite. I lie perfectly still.

"That's not all they have!" growls someone at the foot of my bed. "I want to see them empty their wallets into your hand." The robber is talking in Spanish to Jose, who has returned with the money. Angrily, he ticks off additional demands: cash, watches, cameras. Did he just say batteries?!

We are two days upriver from Iquitos. No telephone, no two-way radio. What will happen if the robbers are not satisfied? What if they want more? What else is on their list? My stomach grows taut.

They want your money.

This whole trip, from the first day we rendezvoused at the Miami Airport, has been like a bad soap opera. First off, Lucy, the Peruvian guide for Amazon Adventures, fails to show. Instead, we are met by her American husband, Earl Castor. Word spreads through our group like wildfire that Lucy has run off with one of the clients from the last trip. Not only that, rumor has it that she and her paramour also went south with all the money set aside to pay the staff.

"I loved that woman so," laments Earl to each of us in turn during the long flight to Iquitos. "I can't believe she'd do this to me."

Our stopover in Iquitos is just long enough for Earl to call a staff meeting. Immediately thereafter, we climb into our riverboat, the Piranha III. En route, we pass several tourist lodges dotting the riverbanks. But we are bound for a more "authentic" experience, upriver.

There is barely room under the roof of Piranha III for crew, guests, duffel bags, provisions, and cooking implements. It's possible to escape topside, but ultimately, the tropical sun drives everyone below again.

Our handsome young waiter, Rudy, props up the table and sets out large platters of fish, rice, and palm hearts in front of us. "How do you say *'Sírvase'*?" He asks me in an aside.

"Serve yourself," I whisper.

"Serve yourself!" announces Rudy confidently.

Slowly, individual characters emerge from the T-shirted uniformity of the Amazon Adventure staff. There's José Luis, the smooth-talking head guide; Moisés, who grew up in the rainforest; and Anderson, our unruffled pilot, named for a Swedish adventurer his Indian father had once met.

Anderson invites me to sit up in the front of the boat, where, like a figurehead, I survey the river. All kinds of floating vessels, from tugboats to dugout canoes glide by, and thatched roof dwellings peek through the dense jungle along the shore.

The first night of our voyage upriver we spend in the rustic home of a native, on mattresses draped with mosquito nets. Amid the sounds of the jungle, a rooster's strident crowing periodically penetrates the darkness.

Back on the river the next morning, we read, chat, snap photos, write

in our journals and stare at the passing vegetation through a veil of shimmering heat. "This is beginning to feel like a prison boat," sighs Lynn from Minnesota.

Amazon River Lodge. Glad to be off the boat, I haul my duffel bag, daypack, camera, and water bottle, up to the lodge and fling them on the first mattress inside the door. Earl shows us around—the outhouse; the shower that works if someone remembers to fill the tank on top with river water; and the screened-in dining room. Mosquitoes are everywhere. Neither Cutter's nor Skin-so-Soft deters the local species.

Dinner consists of catfish and rice. Afterward, my friend Francie and I join Lynn and Kirk for a ride on Lake Ubos. We're after caiman. Moisés cuts the engine and we drift into marshy areas choked with water lilies. He sweeps the black tangles of growth with flashlight beam. No fiery eyes shine back—it has been a long day. We'll sleep well tonight.

In the dark, the voices of the bandits drift off toward the camp kitchen. An engine starts and the noise of the boat fades as it heads downriver.

"Are they gone?"

"Is it safe to come out?"

Ashen-faced tourists peer out from under their gauzy netting.

Earl is on the deck overlooking the river. "Bring them back dead or alive!," he roars.

"Violence begets violence," cautions Roxanne, the Quaker.

"Well, bring them back, anyway," Earl amends lamely and shuffles back into camp. "Incredible," he says, shaking his head. "In ten years, this is the first time anything like this has ever happened."

"How soon can I get a flight out of here?" I ask. The Lima-Iquitos flight only runs once a week, and is almost always full.

Bring them back dead or alive!

The look Earl gives me is one usually reserved for unreasonable children. "I think we need to get some sleep," he soothes, "things will be better in the morning."

Over breakfast, my companions seem won over by Earl's assurances.

"Don't worry," he says. "My men are chasing the thieves. We may even get your cameras back for you." The group nods in unison.

I plod back to the main building, mulling over the events of the previous night. Juan, a local who works at the lodge, falls in step with me.

"*Buenos dias,*" I say.

"It's just like the last time," sighs Juan. He shakes his head slowly. I stop in my tracks.

"What do you mean?"

"It's the same two villagers who robbed us last time. They were carrying the same old *escopetas* (rifles). Like last time, they escaped by boat, but they were caught. Somehow they were pardoned. But now they've done it again."

"When was the first robbery?"

"Last year, about this time."

I waste no time running to Earl with this news.

"Who told you that?" he demands angrily. The veins stand out on his forehead.

"I don't want to get anyone in trouble," I say piously.

"Are you calling me a liar?" he shouts. He yells to Rudy: "Get José Luis, Moisés and René and tell them to get over here *immediatamente.*"

Like dogs expecting a beating, the three men shuffle through the screen door. I'm glad Juan isn't among them.

"Sit down," Earl barks. Loudly, deliberately, menacingly, he interrogates them, "Have we ever been robbed before?"

Moisés and René sit stock-still. José Luis studies the rough plank floor. Then he looks at Earl and shakes his head slowly from side to side. Earl's face relaxes. "No," says José Luis, still shaking his head. "No," chime in the others.

"You see?" Earl turns to me in triumph.

"I guess I misunderstood," I shrug, trying to make light of it. Earl's employees sit glumly, look-

Scenes along the Amazon.

ing like they've mortgaged their souls to the devil. I want to tell them, "I would have said the same thing," but I don't trust my grasp of the Spanish subjunctive.

Are you calling me a liar?

Later, Francie, me, members of the crew, and a mayor of a nearby village go with José Luis upriver by boat, to Nauta to report the robbery. For the entire three-hour trip, the mayor scribbles out the police report in longhand, laboriously re-positioning a ruler each time he begins a new line.

Danilo, a young crewmember, escorts us around Nauta while José Luis attends to business. Not that we could get lost—the sleepy little river town is home to perhaps three thousand souls. People are oddly friendly in Nauta. Elderly women nod from their doorways as we walk past. One man shows us a small monkey, while another invites us home to see his macaws. Danilo asks everyone where we can see the town's one attraction—giant lily pads big enough to support a small child.

Our sightseeing over, we sit in the back room of the town's pharmacy, while José Luis reports the robbery to Iquitos authorities on a noisy two-way radio. Then, at my urging, he asks about a seat on the flight to Miami that Saturday. When he nods, I jump out of my chair. "I'll take it."

On Friday I stuff dirty T-shirts and socks in my duffel, pick up my camera (which had magically reappeared), abandon assorted repellants and lotions, and say goodbye to everyone.

"You really don't deserve one of these," scolds Earl as he paws through a pile of T-shirts decorated with toothy piranhas and sporting the logo, "I Survived an Amazon Adventure." Tossing them aside, he digs around and comes up with a royal blue T-shirt with a dolphin leaping the legend "Amazon Adventures/Save the Amazon." No doubt he feels that this T-shirt is better suited for my breed of traveler.

It's a long wet, rainy boat ride back to Iquitos. I have a few fleeting second thoughts. Was I too hasty in my decision to leave? Now I wont get to go on the overnight "survival camping trip," that the others were looking forward to. No matter, I've had enough of catfish dinners, mosquitoes and Earl's persistent badgering. ("Was it Rudy who told you?" "Was it Anderson?")

Despite the robbery, I still have my credit card. "I want to go to the best hotel in Iquitos," I demand, even though it makes me sound like the quintessential ugly American. Moisés and René confer briefly. "The Hotel Safari," says Moisés. "It's the best tourist hotel within walking distance. It's got hot showers and air-conditioning."

That may be, but nothing happens when I flick the switch on the air conditioner. I string my soggy possessions around the room to dry then walk downstairs.

"Buenos días," says a young waiter in the hotel's tiny restaurant. *"¿De dónde viene?,"* asks Leo, a bespectacled man who works in the hotel.

"De California." I reply

The waiter brings my meal: orange juice, soft-boiled egg, and coffee. I ask for toast. *"Pan, sí, tostado no,"* he says, handing me a slice of limp white bread. *"No hay electricidad."*

Leo comes over and joins me at my table. He works nights, he says.

"I take advantage of the long hours to write stories about all the bizarre people who come through Iquitos," he explains.

I tell him what happened to me and why I am leaving after only a week.

Leo is not surprised. "The robbers know that only the tourists have anything worth stealing."

"But that isn't all! Do you know what else they took? Batteries!" I say, still incredulous.

Leo laughs. "Amateur bandits! But of course, batteries are valuable in the jungle and even here in Iquitos." He points to my untoasted bread, "You see sometimes the electricity doesn't work here."

I ask Leo where he has learned to speak English so well.

"For four years I worked in a lodge like the one you are coming from," he says.

"Three or four days on the river is enough," declares Leo. "One week maximum."

***

Two weeks later, back home, I call Earl's Miami office. "Amazon Adventures," a woman's voice answers. "Who am I talking to?" I ask. "This is Lucy." "Oh, I thought…" I sputter.

"We're working things out."

Laundry service at the lodge.

Sebastian Snow 1929–2001

an appreciation by Loren McIntyre

Romulo Pazmiño on Cotopaxi, August 1966. Peak in background is Antisana.

Vagabond author Sebastian Snow's death in his native England on April 20th ended a trekking career that took him to the loneliest reaches of the Andes and the Amazon. He was 72.

Loren McIntyre has been a valued asset of the South American Explorers since 1977. A freelance film producer, photographer and writer, Loren has been a frequent contributor to both the National Geographic (two dozen South American assignments) and the South American Explorer. His discovery of the source of the Amazon is recounted in Issue 29 of the South American Explorer.

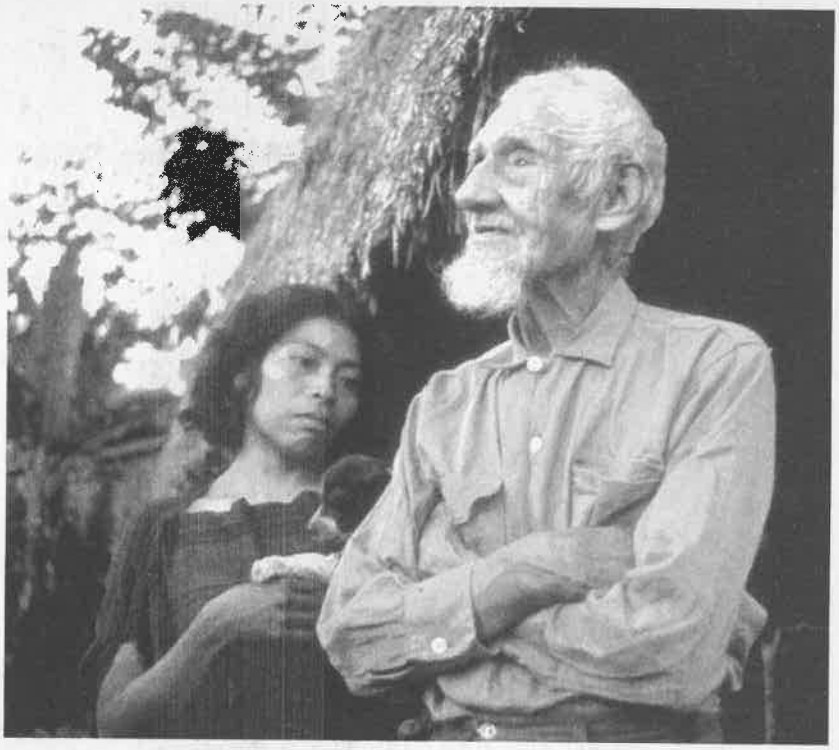
Half a century ago, candid accounts of his wanderings so charmed British readers that by age 24 Snow had become a recognized adventurer and the subject of a comic strip.

Despite having broken his thigh playing rugby at Eton, Snow motorcycled to Lapland and walked from Istanbul to Karachi. In answer to a newspaper ad, he sailed for South America on a two-man "Anglo-American-Andes Expedition 1951" to determine the source of the Amazon. His leader, John Brown, drove up and down Andean highways to locate alternate beginnings, assigning Snow to a single site on the eastern slope of Peru's Cordillera Huayhuash to pinpoint "scientifically" the source of the Rio Marañon. Like Father Fritz in 1707 and many others since,

Brown thought the Marañon was the main source tributary because it appeared to be more voluminous than the longer Rio Ucayali when compared at their confluence at Nauta, above Iquitos, where they join to form the Amazon. (The difference in size was not substantiated by fluviometric readings. In any case the difference is meaningless, since the ultimate source is not a function of volume but of the greatest distance from the mouth.)

For two months Snow and an Indian boy shared a hut in a mining camp above Laguna Lauricocha at 15,590 feet elevation. Snow measured weather, glacial movement, and the size of Santa Ana and Niñococha, the uppermost lakes giving rise to the Marañon. For measuring the lakes, "the only yardstick I had with me was my mother's 5-foot tape-measure, stolen from her work-basket at the last moment. I also had a ball of string," permitting him to mark off 90 feet at a time. "The boy always respectfully referred to me as *Ingeniero*."

Upon his return to Lima he parted from John Brown (who wrote *Two Against the Amazon* in1953) and spent 68 days hustling funds from the *Daily Mail* to enable following the Amazon from source to sea–or as he put it, "from Lauricocha to Liverpool." Again with a highland helper, Snow descended the left bank of the Marañon by mule and on foot. After 3 months of toil and diarrhea, he hadn't even reached Balsas, where the Cajamarca-Chachapoyas highway now crosses the river. It was December 1951. The river was rising. He paused at Chuquiten, "a comparatively palatial hacienda," as a guest of well-read Don Gustavo, a "medieval overlord of fifty Indians" who produced tropical fruits and coca. Snow enjoyed Don Gustavo's hospitality for half a year while enduring defeats at chess "that would go on far into the night. I hated playing, but felt my dignity was at stake; if I did not play I might not get my balsa raft built."



Fidel Peireira with his eleventh wife, who looked after him until the end.

he had "no talent for survival"

By June, 1952, the flood subsided. Snow and an Indian hireling launched the raft, flying a homemade Peruvian flag and a Union Jack, hoping it would carry them to Iquitos. But after 5 days of dragging the raft over a rocky stream bed, Snow "abandoned it for ever", crossed the river, and hiked up to Chachapoyas. He joined an 18-mule caravan to Bagua Chica, where he found a skilled raftsman, Caramillo. They canoed down the Rio Utcubamba to the Marañon, landing at the mouth of the Rio Chinchipe to build another raft. (Surprisingly, Alexander von Humboldt, on his only visit to the upper Amazon, had also camped there in 1802 to survey the place where Charles-Marie La Condamine began *his* 1793 voyage to the river's mouth.)

Ten minutes after its launching, Snow's new raft was swept into the Pongo de Rentema. (A pongo is a narrowing of the gorge where waters swirl deep and fast with whirlpools big enough to swallow a canoe.) In 3 days Caramillo steered the raft through pongo after fearsome pongo, 16 in all. The last and by far the greatest was the Pongo de Manseriche (Gateway of Fear), a V-notch cut in the easternmost rampart of the Andes that lets the Marañon pour onto the broad Amazon flood plain. Luckily, Snow and Camarillo were invited aboard a big freight raft for a nighttime descent through the 8-mile gorge—so swift and dangerous a passage that it was never negotiated by Peruvian gunboats until the war with Ecuador in 1941. Below the Pongo, on still another raft, Snow floated quietly from Borja to Accedes–except for one night when a canoe slipped alongside. Fearing boarders, Snow cried "*Pistol! Pistol!*" although he never carried one "because I might have shot myself accidently." The canoe disappeared. In Iquitos next day, Snow caught a river boat for the final 2,300-mile voyage down river to Belem. Then he sailed for England where he told the press that he "found the whole trip a bit dull."

A good story-teller, Sebastian Snow described his haphazard adventures in

a self-effacing style free of the bunkum of much travel writing. He captured the imagination of the press and the readers of his book *My Amazon Adventure,* winning acclaim for having "discovered the source of the Amazon" at age 22. His feat wasn't diminished by the finding, 20 years later, of a source 700 river miles farther from the Atlantic than Niñococha: a laguna at the headwaters of the Rio Apurimac-Ucayali. (See *Consider the Source* in SAE magazine, issue 29).

Drawn to Ecuador in 1953, Snow climbed both Cotopaxi and Chimborazo, suffering frostbite within miles of the equator. In 1954 he persuaded Fidel Peireira, king of the upper Urubamba—a half-Portuguese patriarch with a dozen Machiguenga wives and hundreds of offspring—to let him search for the lost city of Paititi in southern Peru. In 1965, with Robin Hanbury-Tenison, Snow linked, by boat, three river systems: Orinoco, Amazon and Paraná. In 1966 he roped up with his mountaineer friend Chris Bonington for a suicidal climb of Ecuador's Sangay, the world's most continuously active volcano; it fires magma bombs onto its snow banks year-round. In 1968 Snow and Ecuadorean mountaineer Rómulo Pazmiño tried to emulate Gonzalo Pizarro's 1951 search for El Dorado. After a month of misadventures as awful as Pizarro's in the almost impenetrable cloud forest east of Quito, they were rescued by helicopter. All these exploits come alive in *Half a Dozen of the Other*, 1972. (I heard the El Dorado story from Rómulo. I'd known him since 1966 when we climbed to Cotopaxi's crater. After recovering from near-starvation on Snow's expedition, Pazmiño led me to the summit of 18,947-foot Cristóbal Colón in Colombia.

Converting to Catholicism, in 1959 Snow married Contessa Letizia Bizarri, daughter of a Privy Chamberlain of the Sword and Cape at the Papal Court, and decided to raise chickens. The former endeavor produced Sebastian, Francesca, Miranda, and Natasha, all of whom survive. The latter endeavor produced 24,000 birds by 1964; probably none survive.

In 1973, aged 44 and divorced, Snow returned to South America. Although he avowed that he had "no talent for survival," he began a 15,000-mile hike from Tierra del Fuego to Alaska carrying a backpack and a briefcase. In the introduction to Snow's chronicle *The Rucksack Man*, 1976, Chris Bonington describes the author as being "a strange mix of naïveté, diabolical intelligence, modesty, self-esteem, sentimentality, cynicism, and sheer bloody toughness and courage." Snow carried no water, drank from puddles in the road, suffered from vampire bats sucking blood from his toes, and found it embarrassing to take a piss with pumas looking on. After 19 months, with his weight down to 100 pounds, he quit in Costa Rica and went home.

Friends report that for the past 20 years Sebastian Edward Farquason Snow lived in England, alone, except for the landlady he married shortly before he died. Chris Bonington saluted him as "the last of a fast-dying breed of true amateur adventurers." If not the last, Sebastian Snow was surely one of the best.

Summit of Sangay showing small craters caused by magma bombs.

From Sebastian Snow, *Half a Dozen of the Other*, 1972, p.107, 108. (He was there in 1953).

Fidel Pereira was a father-figure famous throughout the upper Ucacayali region. Son of a Portuguese father and a Machiguenga mother, he ruled his forest kingdom from the riverside community of Pangoa, on the far side of the Pongo Mainique. There were porters available at Pangoa, and Pereira's territory was the gateway to Paititi...but the patriarch's permission had to be granted before it was safe to cross it or even enter it: to venture into the unexplored areas surrounding Pangoa without the blessing of the man controlling them was to court disaster, perhaps death at the hands of the remoter tribes.

And Pereira's blessing was not lightly given as half a dozen expeditions, which had been forced to give up before they reached the ruins could testify. This was partly because of the arrogant attitude of so many previous explorers, partly because of Pereira's suspicious nature.

Technically, he had been an outcast for thirty years ever since he shot his own father for committing incest with his daughter, Fidel's sister, though the authorities had long ago written the case off.

From Peter Mattheissen, *The Cloud Forest*, 1961, pb, p.182-83'. (He was there in 1959).

"As for the Pereiras, they are...a legend in the montaña ...(Pereira) was sent to the university in Cuzco where he was a brilliant student and studying to be a lawyer. But during this period, for reasons disputed, he murdered his father and, fearing reprisal or the law, he fled to the upper Urubamba. There, in the wilderness to which he had no title, he has established a huge domain, and has gained control of virtually all of his mother's people above the Pongo (de Mainique) even the wild Machiguenga of the tributary rivers....he has not left the jungle in nearly forty years....It is said on the upper Urubamba that his children by Machiguenga women number more than fifty, and that after his return from Cuzco he committed many other murders among his people, but these reports are as doubtful as the one that attests that the old man maintains his potency to this day with a secret potion made of monkey milk."

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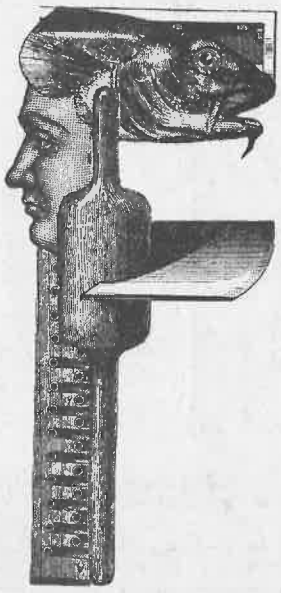

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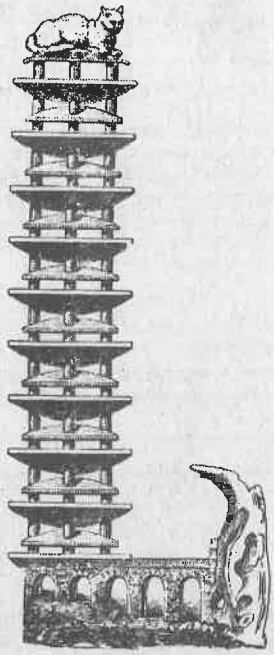

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A PENCHANT FOR PENGUINS

Scientific inquiry has reached new heights recently, what with cloning Dolly the sheep, implanting an artificial heart, and new evidence of life on Mars. But while these feats are commendable, one questions their relevance to daily life. To tell the truth, we are a bit disillusioned with science in the new millennium. It sometimes seems remote, and of questionable value. But not the groundbreaking work of the noted scientist, Richard Stone. Upon hearing of this man's important work, we at the SAE broke into spontaneous applause.

Do airplane-watching penguins topple over backwards or don't they? It was this question, an enigma to scholars and laymen alike that captured the imagination of Richard Stone. And it was this mystery he would dedicate many long hours and resources to solving.

Toppling penguins were first reported by Royal Airforce Pilots during the Falkland's War. Perhaps the pilots themselves should have been studied, because a toppling penguin is a phenomenon most commonly seen by a tippling pilot! According to reliable reports only airplane watching penguins toppled as an aircraft swooped overhead. On the other hand, other witnesses testified that penguins indifferent to RAF jets overhead stayed erect.

True? False? "Ridiculous," said long term penguin watchers, many of whom had devoted years, often lifetimes to the study of the tuxedoed fowl. "If airplane-watching penguins toppled, we'd know about it!"

Opposing views, two camps, a clear cut clash of opinion, a single truth and one man's quest for the answer—surely this is the stuff of science.

Enter the intrepid Richard Stone. Leaving friends and family for the frozen wastelands of Antarctica, Stone spent five weeks observing helicopters fly over two King Penguin colonies. A thorough man, he recorded the results of 17 flights, and monitored the behavior of more than 1,000 birds. The definitive answer to whether penguins topple?

Airplane-watching penguins do not topple over. He did note that every so often a penguin might move away from the noise of the aircraft, even, on occasion, grow quiet, and once or twice lift a wing as if to hitchhike, but never did a penguin fall over when a flight passed overhead.

Is that the final word? Not necessarily. It's possible that penguins used to topple, but at some point before Stone arrived they adapted and learned how to keep their balance.

No matter. We can all be grateful and sleep easier, knowing that penguins are not at risk from watching airplanes, and that there are studies such as Stone's to justify our faith in the future of scientific inquiry.

NOAH'S ARK FOR SALE

You'll be sure to get attention when you casually wonder where you should board your seven-foot, man-eating jaguar. And it's nice touch when you can produce a bill of sale and a glossy, color glamour shot of you with your new big cat.

You don't like cats? How about a 260 pound spectacled bear? Or maybe a tapir?

Looking for something a little more...portable? Then downsize to the much-coveted blue-tongued skink, or for a pet that fits in the palm of your hand, the pinktoe tarantula.

Feeling financially pinched recently the "Park of Legends" Zoo in Lima, Peru came up with a different way to cover expenses: Sell the animals.

.. Buyers from all over the world can choose from any of over 2,400 exotic animals, plunk down their money and walk off with an impressive looking certificate of sale, a pat of the back and a photo of themselves and their beast mugging the camera. That done, the carefree buyer goes home content that his/her animal is in good hands and properly taken care of in the zoo.

Money flowing in from the "sale" of animals is used to feed and house the zoo's many creatures. The attraction for buyers is not possession but actual proof of ownership (with a few minor restrictions) and, of course, bragging rights.

The joys of one-upmanship are just about endless. Say, a co-worker launches into his "my unusual animal" shtick at a dinner party. "That's a cute ferret you have there. I personally prefer a white-winged guan."

Consider, for a moment, the infinite pick-up possibilities. Who could resist falling for someone who

comes on with, "Would you like to see my pygmy marmoset?"

True exotica can be a little expensive. Pet prices range from $28 for the spotted Persian gerbil, to $2,700 a pop for the Tumbes crocodiles. Animals capable of inflicting serious bodily harm seem to cost more, possibly due to higher insurance to cover risks involved during the photo shoot.

So far, the zoo has found owners for hundreds of animals. Even Miss Peru has been sighted shopping for a pet. Still, it's not too late to pick up a wombat or two, or maybe a Rufous mongoose. We also know for certain that 12 fruit-eating bats and 29 Boa Constrictors are up for grabs. The bargain of the week is a matched set of four Andean Pumas, for the one time only price of $24,000.

For more information on adopting an animal that's right for you, contact: Parque de las Leyendas, PO Box 170079, Av. De La Marina, Quadra 24, Lima 32, Peru.

BIBLES AND BOSOM BUDDIES

Forget about smuggling drugs in orifices. I mean, what's the point? Look, there's just so many orifices and it so happens customs officials know every one of them. No, orifices are definitely out.

What's in? Creative Colombian smugglers are adding new pages to the smuggler's handbook. Take the Good Book. Who would have thought that a simple household bible could have the street value of a flourishing crackhouse? It's true. Police in Bogota, Colombia recently smashed a drug ring that saturated the pages of a bible with liquid cocaine. Anyone casually leafing through the holy text would notice nothing. Shipments of these Bibles to the US accounted for hundreds of thousands of dollars in illicit drug money. Did they seize all the bibles? Who knows? The next time you hole up in some Motel Six you might want to soak the Gideon Bible in the bathtub just in case.

Think drugged dogma is inventive? In Bogota, drugs have been cunningly concealed in bicycles, lawn ornaments, bar stools, and feather boas. But now drugs are cropping up in even odder locations — on breasts!

Police in Bogota report that men driving home were recently distracted by three curvaceous young women, seductively flashing their breasts. Lured to the curb, not a few climbed from their cars for a closer look, and several stayed on to run a tongue over a breast or two.

Sound innocent? It wasn't. These Colombian sirens are currently roosting in jail, charged not merely with indecent exposure, but grand larceny! Within minutes of licking a breast, their prey slumped into a drugged stupor, leaving the women free to extract their wallets and drive off in their cars. According to Bogota Police, the "Breast Bandits," as they are now called, pulled off the crimes by smearing a powerful narcotic on their ample bosoms. The victims, we are told, have all recovered.

The moral: in Mexico, don't drink the water and in Colombia... And always read your *South American Explorer* to keep a breast of what's happening.

TWO'S OKAY BUT THREE'S ALLOWED

According to early Christian Doctrine, a bigamist was someone who married two virgins successively, married one after the death of the other, or married a widow. It was practice frowned upon by the Church, and a bigamist was barred from holding an ecclesiastical office.

So much for history. Bigamy, the marrying of more than one man or woman, may soon be back in style — at least in Colombia. Since July 24th, bigamy is no longer a criminal offense in this enlightened country. Some critics of the decriminalization are grimly predicting an immoral epidemic of cheating spouses. Others foresee a more positive outcome—that it will cause marital partners to be more faithful, albeit to more mates!

We, at South American Explorers, have compiled our favorite reactions to this controversial move.

Overheard at a recent wedding in Bogota: A wealthy business man points to the women at the altar, "I take you, and you, and you, and you to be my lawful wedded wives."

A joke on a Colombian Internet Site: "What is the worst punishment for a bigamist in Colombia?" Answer: "Two mother-in-laws."

New Colombian song, "Double your trouble/Double your fun/Double your pleasure now that bigamy's come."

So for all you travelers to Colombia, there is now more on the market than just cocaine and emeralds, and as the new Colombian adage goes, "Eat, Drink and be Married!"

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DON'T GET HOOKED BY THE HOOKWORMS!

By Andrew Schechtman, M.D. and Christine Ross, MPHTM

Q: I'm really careful with what I eat and drink but I heard that it's also possible to get worms just by walking barefoot. Is that true?

A: Yes, it is true. There are a few worms that can enter your body through hair follicles, pores, or even through unbroken skin. These worms live in warm, slightly moist soil and will hook onto the skin of any unsuspecting foot or body part that crosses their path. This attack strategy has given them the name of "hook-worms." Another similar worm, Strongyloides, enters the body in the same way.

After penetrating the skin, these worms migrate through the lungs and then take up residence in the intestinal tract where they suck blood and excrete eggs into the stool. If the eggs land in moist soil, they will hatch creating another group of larva waiting to hitch a ride by burrowing into another unsuspecting bare foot. Hookworm infections are common in parts of the world that lack adequate sanitation facilities causing people to defecate out of doors.

Q: How would I know if I've been infected?

A: You probably wouldn't. Most cases of hookworm infection in travelers cause few, if any, noticeable problems. Some people will develop itchy, reddened areas on the feet where the hookworm penetrated the skin. People infected by many worms may develop a cough and feel as though they have a lung infection or asthma because of inflammation caused as the worms migrate through the lungs. The adult worms living in the intestines gradually suck a little blood every day and may cause anemia (low blood count) in those who are heavily infected. Hookworm and strongyloides infections are confirmed by examining a stool specimen under the microscope. Both infections are easily cured with medication. Consult your doctor if you think you may have picked up one of these unwelcome hitchhikers.

Q: How can I keep myself from getting infected?

A: Easy—don't walk barefoot in areas that lack adequate sanitation (latrines). If you see young children going to the bathroom outdoors, there's a good chance that hookworms are lurking underfoot. While these worms mostly enter through the feet, they can penetrate the skin anywhere. Rolling around in the dirt could result in picking up quite a few of these unwanted guests.

Q: Anything else I can catch from going barefoot?

A: Yes. Dogs and cats have hookworms as well and they often leave them in moist, sandy soil such as on the beach or in sandboxes. A barefoot walk leads to infection through the skin just like it does for the human hookworms. Because these worms are expecting to be inside a cat or a dog, they get lost if they accidentally infect a human. They can't complete their development and instead wander aimlessly just under the skin, moving up to an inch per day and leaving behind an itchy, red trail. This behavior has given them the appropriate name the "creeping eruption." Again, this infestation is easily prevented by wearing shoes, especially on beaches with lots of dogs and cats about. It is also wise to avoid sandboxes that are open to dog and cat contamination. Curing this infestation is usually easy with either ointment or pills prescribed by your doctor.

About the Authors

Dr. Andrew Schechtman is a family physician with a Diploma in Clinical Tropical Medicine and Traveler's Health from the Tulane University School of Public Health and Tropical Medicine. He is currently on staff at the Ochsner Clinic in New Orleans, Louisiana. He has worked overseas with Doctors without Borders in Guatemala and Uganda.

Christine Ross is a third-year medical student at the Louisiana State University School of Medicine in New Orleans. She holds a Master's degree in Public Health and Tropical Medicine from Tulane University. She has served with the Peace Corps in Sierra Leone and has worked with Doctors without Borders in Kenya and Uganda.

Disclaimer : These recommendations are general and may not apply to every reader. Please consult your doctor for recommendations specific to your travel plans.

E-mail medical questions to Dr. Schechtman at : aschechtman@pol.net.
Although questions cannot be answered personally, a selection will be answered and published in future issues of the South American Explorer.

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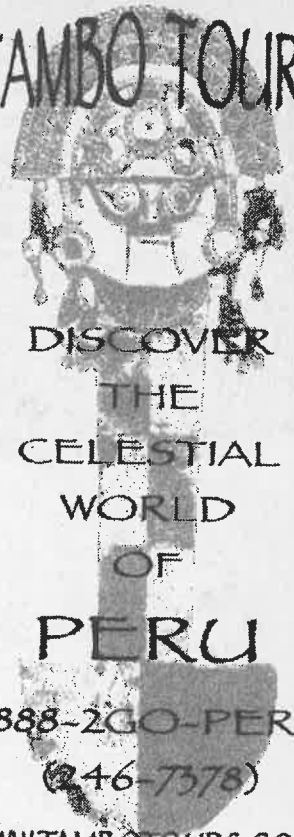

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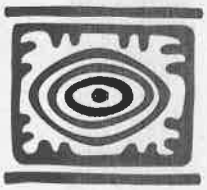

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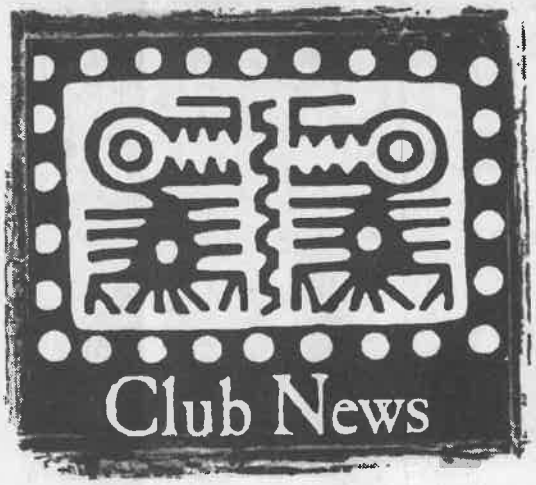

CUSCO

Welcome to Cusco, navel of the universe, land of the Incas etc, etc. Well if you dropped by the Cusco Clubhouse in the last two months you might have bumped into any one of five different managers. Four mysteriously disappeared and I'm Fiona, the new Cusco manager. In truth, the others didn't really disappear. Sarah the former Club manageress departed for Holland to pursue new interests. Our thanks and best wishes to her. Suzy, Justine and Lorena all took turns looking after the place while I was off gallivanting round Peru on holiday.

Suzy is still with us, working part time but, alas, due to leave us at the end of September. Justine, our computer guru who helped us survive an attack of the horrendous Code Red virus, is still about and pops in between her other jobs. Lorena is also about town, getting her treatment center up and running. Thanks to all who helped out and to volunteers Jane and Betty.

News regarding the Inca Trail.

You now need to book your Inca Trail hike five days in advance (not twenty). If making a reservation from the US, Europe, etc., we recommend you call the company as they tend not to check their email. However, thanks to Derek Rowney, an old volunteer, the club now has a binder chock full of alternative Inca Trails. For example you can hike the Mollepata trail, a beautiful 5 –6 day hike, which takes you to Machu Picchu and avoids the $50 park fee.

News about ruins. We are putting together a folder of ruins in the Cusco area. Members! If you have come across any out of the way ruins, please write us trip reports. I am collecting information on ruins that are not covered in the Boleta Turistico. There are some amazing, little visited places to see.

Other Stuff. The Cusco clubhouse would do almost anything legal for a few necessities such as a new computer (laptop or otherwise) to replace our ancient machine that uses IBM cards with holes, books and magazines (new or second hand) for our library (please no airport novels), choc chips for cookies and anything else you can think of, like maybe curry powder and pickled eggs. If you come bearing gifts, let us know and we'll pick you up at the airport, FREE. Give us a call or e-mail about a week in advance.

One other thing. This is a good time to visit Cusco. The tourist season is winding down and the rainy season won't arrive for a few months. Come visit us!

That's all till next time. Please direct all e-mail to our new address: cuscoclub@saexplorers.org. And, remember, the Cusco Club, as always, is looking for volunteers.

-Fiona and wee cat.

LIMA

Well, I'd better introduce myself to all who don't know me. I'm Simon Atkinson, the new Club Manager in Lima and this is my first attempt to write Club News. How exciting! Just a few months ago, I was working in our Quito clubhouse, merrily strumming along, when somebody thought to send me to Lima to to replace the illustrious Tamara Houston (I refuse to mention any names). So here I am to guide the club on its upward spiral to success.

Brief historical recap: A little over a year ago Lima was in the political limelight. Fujimori had just been questionably re-inauguated into office. His primary rival Toledo called for a citizen's revolt. All of a sudden, videotapes surfaced showing Fujimori's spy chief, Montesinos, bribing government officials. All in all a pretty mad scene.

Today however, Lima is a pleasant, if not totally peaceful town. With a flurry of fanfare, Toledo has assumed presidential control, the Nuevo Sol is picking up economic momentum, and city life has returned to its normal, vibrant self. Conflict between protestors and police has been replaced by house and block parties and general over-indulgence (and not just on the part of the SAE staff).

What does this mean for us who run the club? Leisurely procrastination, lengthy sessions of personal grooming, and time for gossip. Oh, and several daily tea breaks (Earl Grey of course—I am English after all).

Seriously though, club projects are flourishing at a fast and furious pace! The Lima Club is adding to the Explorer's Volunteer Resource (EVR), and we now have info on volunteer projects in Ancash and other areas of northern Peru. We are also developing a separate database that will list one-day volunteer opportunities for all those on short trips.

Now sit up and take note!! We are currently hosting bi-monthly Volunteer Teas, for volunteers, those curious about volunteering, or those who have something to say about volunteering at a forum to share and learn. These Teas are chaired by officials and staff from organisations that use or hope to attract volunteers, such as Amnesty International.

As we speak, our talented volunteers are updating the Peru-Huaraz information packets, which will soon be available. Also in the works is a brand new packet about the many ruins round and about Cusco, only

known to the *cognoscenti*. Keep in mind that every packet you buy boosts the esteem of our toiling volunteers!

With high season in full swing, we hope to see new and old faces bounding up the stairs in the club! All that remains is to thank all our members for their support, our volunteers for their hard work, and Tamara for her tireless and wonderful efforts during her tenure as Lima Manager.

Simon Atkinson. Manager

QUITO

The clear, windy months have arrived and blown in lots of eager travelers to enjoy the sunshine, watch the whales, or to romp around the páramo.

Here at the clubhouse, it has been another crazy couple of months. Never a dull moment! Boz has stepped down as manager to run the Reina Victoria Pub with Caz. Now that we have an 'in' at the pub, the Quito staff looks forward to free beers!

Alicia has resigned as assistant manager to devote more time to other projects. Do not fret, Boz and Alicia are still in Quito and can be seen from time to time about town. The international search is over! We are happy to introduce Cynthia (Cindy) Smith as the new Quito club manager.

And there have been other staff changes: Longtimer, Roc, is working in Peru for World Challenge. It's a step up, of course, but we'll miss him. Another old hand, Eddie, is teaching at a local high school, a job that allows him to spend more time with his adorable baby girl. He'll still be helping out around the club a couple of afternoons a week.

Is anyone out there interested in volunteering here at the clubhouse? We need long-term volunteers. If interested, stop by or email Erin here in Quito.

Club projects continue to thrive:

The Trip Report Database improves by the day, thanks to database guru and intern José. He needs the work, so keep the trip reports coming!

The Explorers Volunteer Resource (EVR) grows more wonderful daily, what with volunteer opportunities flowing in and members writing up their experiences.

Our 'Walkabout' group is more popular, and successfully brings travellers together for great weekend excursions.

Donations from club members (money, tools, clothing, etc.) are making it possible to support the boys at the La Tola shelter. Many thanks to everyone! Please continue to help.

And finally, our eternal gratitude to all those members who generously and thoughtfully handcarried books, t-shirts, coffee, chocolate, and other treasures down to us.

Caz

LA TOLA

Founded in 1974 by the Salesian Order, La Tola provides Quito's homeless with a place to sleep, basic food and medical attention. The shelter also offers social and religious programs for the growing numbers of poor who flock to the city in search of work.

For 12 years the SAE has provided support to La Tola through donations by generous members of money, food, clothing, tools and volunteer help.

While La Tola also helps adults, teen girls and entire families, the SAE has channeled much of its support to "Ninos de la Calle." This program is for some 50 homeless street boys who eke out a living shining shoes and begging. At La Tola, the boys are taught reading and writing and get a chance to play with other children. What they need are smiles, care and chance to get away from a life on the streets.

This year, the kids built 8 bunk beds, 4 cigar humidors and countless hand cut and painted alphabet letters to sell. Also, for the first time, young people from Britian's World Challenge program volunteered to paint many rooms in the 200-year-old building and helped to teach and play with the kids. And lastly, a piece of land south of Quito has been donated to the Salesianos. This property is being developed and will soon be ready house and train many more street boys. On your next visit expect to see bunk houses, a kitchen and new workshops for the boys. The dream is becoming a reality.

School starts up at the end of September. Some of the older boys, who had completed school have enlisted in the Ecuadorian Army to do their two years of military sevice. The stream of new faces coming through La Tola's doors continues.

The SAE, under an agreement from La Tola, donates money:

To buy food, clothing, school supplies, pay for monthly (and sometimes bi-weekly) outings, to pay for emergency medical care, textbooks, to buy materials and tools used in the workshops, to purchase Christmas gifts, pay for a party and fill 1500 bags with goodies for everyone in the shelter.

Members, Christmas is quickly approaching and the SAE will asking for funds. Don't forget us when it comes time to give!

We thank all those for their support to La Tola over the years. We also thank all those who've been volunteering at the shelter, teaching basic language skills, English and arithmetic. And still others who have given freely and generously of themselves by taking the boys on weekend trips to the mountain and coast. For kids who've grown up on the streets of Quito these outings are the adventure of a lifetime.

How can you help? Tax deductible donations can be made through the Ithaca clubhouse. Also members coming to Ecuador are urged to bring used children's clothes, shoes in small sizes, toys or even just some toothbrushes and paste.

For further information please contact Cindy at our Quito Office (quitoclub@saexplorers.org), the Ithaca Office (explorer@saexplorers.org), or Diana at dbmorris@pi.pro.ec.

Under Pressure

It turns out that one out of every four people has been suffering from high blood pressure for years without knowing it. That's bad. If you have high blood pressure, you want to, at least, know it. That way, you have the choice to do something instead of just kicking off by mistake.

Now the only real way to tell if you have high blood pressure is to get checked regularly. Easy? Maybe not. Say your you're hanging out in the remote jungles of Suriname or lost in a cave in Guyana when suddenly you remember, "Hey, I need to check my blood pressure" Big problem?

No more! Now, for a mere $99 dollars, you can be the prudent owner of your own handy, little, blood pressure monitor—the HEM-630.

Cheaper than a PalmPilot, this life saving device is on sale at Walmart. If you're thinking about buying one, note the many attractive features. First, it's small —no bigger than a Swatch watch. Second, it's accurate. The HEM-630 takes 21 separate readings and averages it out to three. And let's not forget portability. It will work anywhere even deep in a cave in Guyana.

Check it out online at http://www.omronhealthcare.com, or visit your local HEM-630 dealer.

Get a Job

Looking for an opportunity to start a career in Latin American Affairs? The Inter-American Dialogue is offering three positions to work closely with senior officials. One position is available as a Reporter for their newly-acquired daily newsletter, and two positions are open for Program Assistants.

Title: Reporter, Latin America

Responsibilities: The reporter will assist in editorial output and production of a daily e-mail newsletter on current Latin America trade, investment, political issues, and policy developments primarily aimed at corporate executives with significant business interest in Latin America. *Specific responsibilities:*

- Cover breaking economic and political stories.
- Interview business leaders, economists, and political figures.
- Write brief news stories for daily features.
- Copy-edit and proof read.
- Create tables, charts, and graphs.
- Assist in design and layout.
- Build data-base of sources.

Qualifications: Entry-level position for someone interested in journalism, economic and political issues, especially related to Latin America. Must be effective at interviewing executives and government officials in person or over the phone, possess strong research, editing and writing skills. Other requirements: Bachelor's Degree, experience copy-editing, computer skills, especially familiarity with PC's, Internet research and Microsoft products. Fluency in Spanish and proficiency with Quark and desktop publishing is a plus.

Submit resume by mail, fax, or e-mail to Amy Olen, Inter-American Dialogue, 1211 Connecticut Avenue, NW, Suite 510, Washington, DC, 20036. Fax: (202) 822-9553. E-mail: aolen@thedialogue.org .

Title: Program Assistant(s)

Responsibilities: Seeking two program assistants to work with senior staff in planning and coordination of policy projects on Race and Ethnicity, Cuba, Education, and possibly others. *Specific responsibilities include:*

- Drafting and editing.
- Correspondence, papers, reports and proposals.
- Organizing conferences and other meetings.
- Providing administrative support.

Qualifications: Ideal candidate will have recently completed a Bachelor's Degree, have outstanding academic record, strong interest in Latin America, or Caribbean, fluency in Spanish or Portuguese, and exceptional writing, organizational, and analytic skills. Experience working in Latin America a plus.

Submit resume by mail, fax, or e-mail to Amy Olen, Inter-American Dialogue, 1211 Connecticut Avenue, NW, Suite 510, Washington, DC, 20036. Fax: (202) 822-9553. E-mail: aolen@thedialogue.org.

Money for Nothing, Bike for Free

Hey members. How come we don't get more letters like this one from Matt and Nicole Deniston? Read:

I'd like to tell you all about some grant money (US$1000) the International Bicycle Fund (IBF) would like to make available to folks down in South America. I figured you guys might be interested in either applying for the grant directly or helping let locals know that this grant money is available.

My partner Nicole and I have worked with the IBF to set up the fund, specifically for South America, to promote the use of bicycles as a form of transportation. Nicole and I generated the money in the fund by accepting donations during our recent "Cycling South America" slideshow circuit around the states. The slideshow covered a year-long bicycle tour that we made from Jan. to Dec. of 2000. In short, we wanted to give a little something back to the people that were so kind to us and made our trip so incredible.

Sincerely,
Matt and Nicole Deniston
deniston@easystreet.com

Falkland Bound?

If you're planning on going to the Falklands anytime soon, e-mail us immediately. It just so happens that member Susan Huitt Mills has returned from a trip to the Falklands this July with a very useful packet of information on what to see and what to do. It is complete with information on accommodations, shopping, historical sights, and more. She'll also be writing a detailed trip report. Do you want this packet? Contact us and it's yours.

From Survivor to Celebrity

It's awful when you think about it. Death, dismemberment, riots, torture, war —that sort of thing — grim risks faced by every SAE member heading down south to see Machu Picchu. And what about the natural disasters: rumbling earthquakes, torrential mudslides, gushing lava, floods, lightening, falling trees, etc.? Sometimes we wonder why anyone goes there at all.

But now there's a reason. Show Biz! That's right, here's your chance to parley that brush with death—that narrow escape, into fame and glory. This very morning Deirdre Laister called to say the BBC is launching three new Travel Channel programs. She is looking to line up travelers to amaze and dazzle TV viewers with spine tingling tales of travel. Members, this could well be your ticket to the big time. If you fit the bill you it might be just a matter of time before you're hobnobbing with Tom Cruise, Madonna, PeeWee Herman and other stars. What's involved? Well, say you contracted a rare tropical disease, or perhaps watched your Landrover disappear in a flash flood, the BBC may want to interview you. The selected stories will include interviews, news footage, or specially shot reconstructions of your catastrophe.

If you think you could make the cut, contact Deirdre Laister at Deirdre.Laister@bbc.co.uk, Tel: 0117 974 2309.

And if you feel an imminent disaster about to occur, make sure you have your camcorder ready. Who knows? You could end up on the Travel Channel!

Expeditious Expedition

Dear SAE,

Hello Don/Pamela

I am planning a very special expedition. We desperately need to grab a few paying guests to make this happen. This is a very rare opportunity for someone to join one of the last great Inca discoveries (we have already located it but will offically 'find' it in October). The details follow below. If you could help send us a paying participant or two, I would donate $250 back to the club for each join up.

It has been a while since last we communicated. We have made a number of interesting discoveries in the Vilcabamba. I am sending a short article by following e-mail that you may have interest in printing.

Also, I have a new book ready on Vilcabamba explorations, which presently is self-published. But... I keep adding chapters as we find more stuff so it never really gets finished.

Hope all is well there
Best,
Gary

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October Inca Research Expedition

October 18—Nov 3
17 days $2850

Following major new discoveries in Peru's far Vilcabamba by a National Geographic sponsored expedition led by archaeologists Gary Ziegler, Alfredo Valencia and writer Peter Frost in June, Gary and a blue ribbon team of notable explorers will return this October to locate and study new Inca ruins in the nearby rugged mountains and canyons.

After visiting the Inca ceremonial centers of Machu Picchu and Choquequirao, the plan is to simply disappear for two weeks into the region with a flexible agenda accompanied by our cook, mule teams and local helpers. We plan to locate, clear, map and possible excavate selected areas of the new sites that we are confident we will find. We may include a film team as well.

This is a special team of notable Inca specialists, Vincent Lee (Forgotten Vilcabama), Hugh Thomson (The White Rock-An Exploration of the Inca heartland), Cusco archaeologists, Carlos Silva and Zanovio Valencia, Gary Ziegler (Beyond Machu Picchu-Explorations and adventure in Peru's Remote Vilcabamba).

We are looking for several adventurous, good humored, fit participants to join us. If this is you, contact us ASAP for details and application form.

The cost of $ 2850 includes almost everything from Cusco airport, Hotels, transportation, Machu Picchu, the expedition. Some meals in Cusco and flights are additional.

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To find more about MSF's relief efforts in Peru visit: www.doctorswithoutborders.org.

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Adv. 21

Losers and Keepers in Argentina

Book Review

A Work of Fiction

Written by Nina Barragan, Ilan Stavans (Introduction)
272 pages, 1st Edition (January 2001)
University of New Mexico Press, ISBN: 0826322220

Reviewed by Christopher Holmes

In his introduction to Nina Barragan's new novel, *Losers and Keepers in Argentina*, Ilan Stavan recounts Leon Edel's famous crack that if Dublin were to disappear from the face of the earth, it would be possible to reconstruct the city using James Joyce's Ulysses as a blueprint. He then asks us to picture a history of the Jewish people told through the story of a small town where they lived. This perspective is essential because the main character in *Losers and Keepers in Argentina* isn't a person, but Moises Ville, a small agricultural colony in Argentina settled by Jews in 1891.

The history of Moises Ville and all Jewish settlements in northern Argentina began with the dream of one man, Baron Maurice de Hirsch. A Jewish-French industrialist, the Baron amassed a fortune building railroads in Russia during the second half of the 19th century. This was a grim period for Russian Jews. Roving packs of Cossacks razed ancient synagogues, set fire to the sacred scrolls and looted holy objects, leaving in their wake ravaged and smoldering towns. But the Baron was too busy making money to think about his fellow Jews — until Lucien, his only son, died.

Lucien's death had a profound spiritual effect on the Baron. Soon thereafter he resolved to do something for Russia's persecuted Jews and set about buying up vast tracts of land in Entre Rios and Santa Fe, provinces in northern Argentina. Here, he envisioned, Jews might settle, prosper, and live in peace. The Baron even thought that his expatriate colonies could someday grow into the new Jewish homeland.

The story of Moises Ville unfolds through the journal of the Russian immigrant Rifke Schulman. The journal entries of Rifke are primarily short stories, narrated in the different voices of Moises Ville, such as the tale told by the cardiologist's son, returning home from Colorado and a life among the goyim. Through these tales, the people of this small Jewish settlement breathe life into Moises Ville, and the town takes on a personality of its own.

And while perhaps Barragan's prose isn't, well, Joycean, it can be quite good. There are a few clunky passages, but Barragan has some fine moments as well, and the depth of the historical research makes up for any unevenness in the writing.

Losers and Keepers in Argentina appeals to a wide audience. However for some, the book is of far greater import. A friend of mine bears a name that is very rare. Most people with his last name perished in Nazi death camps, with only a handful escaping. To him, Moises Ville and Baron Maurice de Hirsch represent promise in the age of violence, and hope in the face of persecution.

South American Explorers

BY DANIEL BUCK

Antoine de Saint-Exupéry

In the early days, Patagonian airmail was delivered by the most unlikely of postmen: French literary icon Antoine de Saint-Exupéry. Known to millions as the author of *The Little Prince* (and to his friends as Saint-Ex), he spent his early years as a pilot for a French company, Aéropostale, winging sacks of mail across Northern Africa and later in Argentina—from Santa Cruz and Chubut up the coast to Buenos Aires.

He was born in 1900 in Lyon into a provincial and impecunious aristocratic family and was destined for a career in the military or the Foreign Service. But like so many of his fellow knights-errant – he was utterly undisciplined and rebellious. Fortunately, as a schoolboy he fell head over heals in love with flying. Pretending that his mother had granted permission, Saint-Exupéry went aloft for the first time at age 12. The aerial event sparked a poem: "The wings quivered in the evening breeze/The engine's song lulled the sleeping soul." Flying and writing would remain his passions. He often read books and wrote in his journal while aloft, which led to more than one close call.

In the early 1900s, the best pilots and airplanes in the world were French; even the Wright brothers came to France to sell their wares. Aéropostale hired Saint-Exupéry in 1927 and sent him to Morocco. The company, which had its eyes set on a world-wide airmail system, next opened a service along the 1,500 mile Argentine coast, linking Río Gallegos in the far south with Comodoro Rivadavia and Buenos Aires. Ultimately the route would reach as far north as Natal, Brazil. In late 1929, the company installed Saint-Exupéry as the operations manager in Comodoro, as the town is still known.

Stacy Schiff, author of the compelling, well-researched ***Saint-Exupéry: A Biography***, says that Comodoro, in the midst of an oil boom, looked to the airman "like a set for Chaplin's *Gold Rush*." Only one year younger than Saint-Exupéry himself, the ramshackle community had about 2,000 inhabitants, most of them living in corrugated iron buildings, encircled by oil derricks.

Piloting a Latécoère 25, the latest Gallic flying machine, Saint-Exupéry reconnoitered the long Patagonian littoral and its scattered airfields. Schiff scrims the scene: "airfields that were dusty in fine weather and swampy most of the time, overrun . . . by snakes or scorpions, illuminated only by storm lamps and faint triangles of gasoline flares, on which a nocturnal windsock could consist of a handkerchief held at arm's length by a radio operator helpfully waving an electric lamp in his other hand." The aviator was in his element.

In *Wind, Sand and Stars*, Saint-Exupéry told of one memorable flight, taking off from the Trelew field:

The sky was blue. Pure blue. Too pure. A hard blue sky that shone over the scraped and barren world while the fleshless vertebrae of the mountain chain flashed in the sunlight. Not a cloud. The blue sky glittered like a new-honed knife. I felt in advance the vague distaste that accompanies the prospect of physical exertion. The purity of the sky upset me. Give me a good black storm in which the enemy is plainly visible.

He had little warning—a "slight tremor" and "secret little quiverings" —before everything around him "blew up."

. . . I was standing still. Having veered right in order to correct a sudden drift, I saw the landscape freeze abruptly where it was and remain jiggling on the same spot. I was making no headway. My wings had ceased to nibble into the outline of the earth. I could see the earth buckle, pivot—but I stayed put.

With his throttle wide open he was pushing 150 miles per hour, but he was stuck in mid-air, as if welded to the sky. It got worse. He found himself blown out to sea and was now hovering unsteadily sixty feet over the Atlantic. After two hours of Herculean struggle, he maneuvered his Laté 25 out of the wind stream and set down at Comodoro.

Tall and oddly attractive, Saint-Exupéry was a big French bear of a man (imagine Walter Matthau with Liza Minnelli's eyes). He mesmerized his friends—a mangy crowd that included pilots, mechanics, barkeeps, diplomats, and belletrists – spinning convoluted stories, performing card tricks, and reading excerpts from his work until the early hours. Women found him enchanting (and he them), which led to frequent rows with his wife, Consuelo Suncin Sandoval, a Salvadoran beauty he had met in Buenos Aires. She got the last word: A long-lost manuscript telling of their life together, *The Memoir of the Rose*, was a recent best seller in France.

Although his name is indelibly linked with *The Little Prince*, Saint-

Exupéry's South American episode infused his early books, *Southern Mail*, *Night Flight*, and *Wind, Sand and Stars*. *Wings of Courage*, a 1995 IMAX 3-D film loosely based on Aéropostale's Patagonian escapades, with Tom Hulce as Saint-Exupéry, offered a visual taste of what is was like to be batted about by the explosive winds like scraps of paper. The film was made on location with a new process involving two cameras, one for the left eye and the other for the right that was so realistic it left one critic clutching her armrest.

Aéropostale collapsed in a financial-political scandal in the 1930s, and the now famed writer-aviator bounced from one temporary job to another – test pilot, foreign correspondent, and aviation company spokesman. None of these measured up to his dare-devilry in the skies over the Sahara and Patagonia.

In spite of his poor health (several crashes had taken their toll) and the deterioration of his flying skills, which were dodgy under the best of circumstances, Saint-Exupèry was determined to get back into the air during World War II. (He spent the early years of the war miserable, in exile in Manhattan.) His friends were just as determined to keep him on the ground. Shortly before D-Day, he inveigled his way into a photo-reconnaissance squadron. A few weeks later, on a mission over occupied France, he and his Lockheed P-38 Lightning disappeared. He was forty-four.

In 1998, a silver bracelet inscribed with the aviator's name (and, in parenthesis, that of his wife) was found in a fisherman's net pulled out of the Mediterranean near Marseilles.

Further reading: *Southern Mail*, *Wind, Sand and Stars* and *Night Flight* (various editions), Antoine de Saint-Exupéry; and *Saint-Exupéry: A Biography* (1994), Stacy Schiff.

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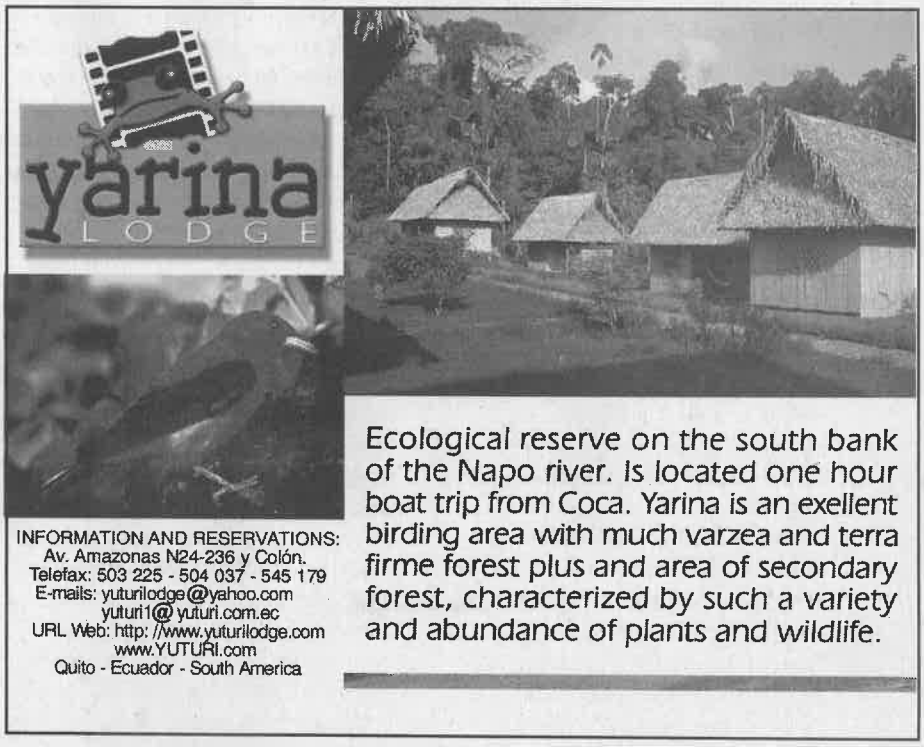

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How 'Suite' It Is

http://www.roomforroom.com

Maybe someday you'll be able to use this site to search for a cheap room or a house to swap anywhere in the world. For now, you're limited to Brazil and Argentina, and even here pickings are rather sparse and somewhat odd! For example, take the listing posted by some guy who says he wants you to look at a picture of his kitchen, but when you try up pops a picture of him in a top hat and loincloth. Or what do you make of the choosey chap who has rooms available but will only rent to guests of Scandinavian descent? Hmmm. Still, if you are looking for cheap lodging this might be the right site for you. And of course, if you're a second generation Swedish-American looking for a landlord in a top hat and loincloth, you're guaranteed a room!

Turn Turtle

http://www.cccturtle.org

Your cat Lilith, a superior feline, you say? Never scratches the couch, delights all with her kittenish ways and can use *and flush* the toilet unaided? And Rex? A wonder dog, is he? Never sniffs a crotch, or Heaven forbid, mounts anything inappropriate.

Well, good for you. Nowadays, however, discerning and cultivated people are no longer satisfied with slavish devotion and furry tricks. They're looking for something more from their animal companions. "Owning the right sort of pet can bridge the divide that separates us from nature," says Lady DeWitt Dunsmore, "It should serve as model of cross species harmony and make a lasting statement of unswerving ecological principle and devotion to the environment." Which raises the question: "Is Lilith or Rex the right sort of pet?" The 'right' pet of the moment may take some by surprise, others by delight. Yes, the 'it' pet of the new millennium just happens to be...drum roll please... the turtle!

And it just so happens, The Sea Turtle Survival League and the Caribbean Conservation Corporation are working together to promote the adoption of turtles. Not everyone qualifies, of course, but if you meet the requirements for their Adopt-A-Turtle Program, turtle experts will match you up with a live endangered sea turtle. And that's just for starters. Sea turtles go places. Say you name your sea turtle Gertrude, which you can do for a very reasonable one-time payment of $25. You won't find Gertrude, your sea turtle, lazing around the house, scarfing up food and filling litter boxes. No, Gertrude will be in the sea, swimming to places still unknown to marine biologists. In the comfort of your home, you will read about Gertrude's transoceanic peregrinations in the *Sea Turtle Survival Newsletter* and gaze up at the wall at an authentic certificate of Gertrude's adoption (both included in the $25 fee). Best of all, your turtle will write you at least once a year a letter thanking you for your generous support of turtledom. (a little joke)

As the saying goes, "When you love some thing set it free...." Well that's what you'll be doing with Gertrude who will roam the seas, a living testament to your concern for the preservation of this revered reptile. Check out

http://www.ccc.turtle.org

Mi Casa Tu Casa Homestay

http://www.educators.com/casa

For those of you reluctant to leave home, this site's for you. Mi Casa Tu Casa will set you up in a homestay with a Costa Rican family that houses you, gives you food, does your laundry, and makes you take out the trash (okay, maybe not). Basically, you're welcomed into the bosom of their family.

Just like home? You bet. Mi Casa Tu Casa abounds in all those endearing little familial routines that make home, home. For instance, at Mi Casa Tu Casa you have to let them know if you're staying out late so they won't worry. Won't be home for dinner? Better tell them before you go out, otherwise they'll cook supper and you'll feel guilty you put them out.

So if you're 43 and still living with your mother, Mi Casa Tu Casa could well be your half-way house to independence.

Pulp Fiction

http://www.violetbooks.com/lostrace-check3.html

This website is a virtual tribute to all the adventure fiction stories you've ever heard of and then some. Best of all, if you go to The Lost Races Checklist, you can relive all the South American classics you know and love. Remember "The Storm Man: A Romance of the South Seas," that heartwarming story about giant descendants of Easter Island who linger on the unknown island of Liboki with an extinct giant kangaroo, the bunyip? No kidding! It's here. And that old favorite, "The Titan & Volcan," about a floating island inhabited by advanced

Lilliputians. Ah, those were the days. And who can forget, "Pirates of the Sky," the gripping tale of the hidden Incan super-city in the Andes that was invaded by scientifically advanced air pirates. You can order all the old books and discover new ones online at Violet Books. Looking for something historical? Try "The White King of Manoa, NY," an almost true account of Sir Walter Raleigh's lost search party that accidentally stumbled upon El Dorado. Romance? How about "Heart of Fire," a steamy love story of the quest for a South American lost city inhabited by fabulous, leggy amazons? Now that's adventure!

Stars of the Jurassic

http://gosouthamerica.about.com /travel/gosouthamerica/library/ weekly/aa073000a.htm

Trust us. There really is a dinosaur called Santanaraptor. About six feet in length, and weighing in at some 65 lbs., this diminutive carnivore roamed the once marshy terrain of Patagonia before the Gondwana landmass broke up into continents. Certain paleontological wits assert that it existed around the same time as the great Whitneyhoustonsaurus and the sultry Laurynhillraptor. These same, tongue-in-cheeky, dinosaur experts even speculate that all three species may have belonged to the same 'rock group' (get it! Rock!).

Check out this site for the very real Santanaraptor and other dinosaurs of South America, including the 100-ton Argentinosaurus, considered by some to be the largest dinosaur ever. This site is also a good source for links to many other sites, such as the El Dinosaurio Homepage.

Get It Right, Get It Written!

http://www.talktoanyone.com

You don't want to trust a machine to translate the important correspondence you carry on worldwide. Take it from us, we know. We were once writing a Russian and happened to use the old adage, "The spirit's willing, but the flesh is weak." What did Ivan get to read in a translation from a computer generated translation service? "The price of vodka is stable, but meat prices are falling." There's worse. Mistranslations we can't even publish in a family magazine like *The South American Explorer.*

So you want to be careful. Avoid translation services that fired humans to cut costs. Don't let a computer do your work.

At talktoanyone.com real, live translators go over your important business e-mails. That goes for personal letters also. Unfortunately, at the moment talktoanyone.com can only handle translations in English, Portuguese, and Spanish. You want to write to your sweetie in Urdu? Too bad. Portuguese, yes. Urdu, no.

Has the SAE used talktoanyone.com? Well, no. We speak Spanish and do our own translations, but we hear they are very good.

It's a Virtual Jungle Out There!

http://www.care.org/virtual_trip/ ecuador/

Ever on the lookout for ways to save our members money, we've discovered a trip that's so inexpensive it's almost free. It's a six-day, all expenses paid, eco-adventure jungle trip into one of South America's last remaining coastal rainforests. Sounds pretty good, huh? So what's the hitch? Well, it is a virtual trip.

As a virtual traveler you journey by virtual dugout down narrow-river passages, the swirling water sweeping you along beneath the lush foliage. You trek through the fetid jungle beneath the vaulted canopy of a virtual forest and, yes, you are one of the few to visit remote virtual indigenous communities that inhabit this exotic and endangered biosphere.

Not bad, but it gets even better. For next to nothing you get to send virtual postcards to your envious friends at home saying, "It is a jungle out here," "the natives will do anything to get a head," and other sorts jungle humor. Ready to go? Just click on

www.care.org/virtual_trip/ecuador/.

You can't argue with the price, but it just ain't the real thing.

It's a Map!

http://www.netstoreusa.com

This is not an endorsement, but check it out. This outfit claims to have half-a- million maps. That's 500,000 different maps for sale, 471 on Bolivia alone. Map fat city! If you do avail yourself of their services and they're as good as they say, let us know so we can recommend them to other members. On the other hand, if this turns out to be a bum steer, well...we had our doubts. That's why we withheld our endorsement.

Safety First

http://www.epinions.com/trvl-review-1AE3-1812B83A-39689146-prod5?sp=ink

This is a very long address for a short, but helpful site. Robbudo, the author, dispenses advice on everything from the best way to carry money to when it's not smart to make eye contact in South America. His suggestions include bringing an AT&T phone card to make any phone calls, making a photocopy of your passport to put at the bottom of your bag (of course if your bag and passport get ripped off, you'll want to tell Robbudo a thing or two). He also suggests pretending you know where you're going, even when, or especially, when you're lost (we tracked Rubbudo down on an remote Ecuadorean road recently and while he wouldn't talk to us, we recognized him immediately as the only one in sight who looked like he knew where he was going). If you like this site, check out the SAE webpage for, "How Not To Get Robbed In South America."

CLASSIFIED ADS

Classified Ads for Issue 66 must be received by Oct. 1st, 2001. You must send payment (check drawn on U.S. bank, or Visa, Mastercard, or Discover number and expiration date) with copy.

Per issue rate for classified ads: LIFE MEMBERS: Free first 25 words. OTHER MEMBERS: Non-commercial: $10 first 25 words. Commercial: $30 first 25 words. NONMEMBERS: Non-commercial: $20 first 25 words. Commercial: $40 first 25 words. Each additional word $.50 Note: E-mail addresses and international phone numbers count as 2 words. All classifieds currently running will expire with Issue number that appears at the end of the ad, e.g. (65). Ads for Issue 66 must be prepaid and received by December 31, 2001.

GUIDES

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RAINFOREST EXPEDITIONS, Manu Reserve. Catering to research, educational, and travel groups. Cusco office: Calle Turfino 350 Tel: 084.23.2772 Lima office: Arambaru 166 4B Tel: 221.4182 (LC)

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HOTELS, LODGING

Gringo Bills Hostal, Restaurant and Bar Calle Colla Raymi 104, Machu Picchu Pueblo, Cusco. Peru Telfax: 084211046, Email: gringobills@yahoo.com, Web: www.machupicchuperu.com. (66)

PLAZA FRANCIA INN, Lima. Tel: 511.330.6080, address Rufino Torrico 1117. Very clean dorm rooms with shared hot showers at US $7 per night. See Lonely Planet 2000 edition page 136. Also single, matrimonial, and double available. 10% off for advance reservations. Airport pick-up arranged on request so to be personally met by our drive with a sign. Email: franciasquareinn@yahoo.com. Web page: www.incacountry.com (LC)

EXPLORERS INN, Tambopata Nature Reserve, Puerto Maldonado, Peru. Over 595 species of birds, 1200+ butterflies, 149 dragonflies. For information and reservations, contact Peruvian Safaris. Alcanfores 459, Miraflores, Lima. Tel: (511)447.8888 Fax (511) 241.8427 (LC)

HOSTAL IQUIQUE, Lima. Around the corner from the SAE, family run hostel. Friendly staff, comfortable rooms, use of kitchen facilities. Airport pick-ups available from $10. Special rates for groups and SAE members. Single room, $7.50, $11 with bath. Double room, $9.50, $15 with bath. Shared rooms from $3. Jr. Iquique 758, Lima 5, Peru. Tel/fax: 511.433.4724, Tel: 511.423.3699. Webpage: http://barrioperu.com.pe/hiquique Email: hiquique@terra.com.pe (LC)

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OTAVALO, ECUADOR. Ali Shungu, Hotel/Restaurant. Hacienda-like setting, 4 blocks from Indian Market, 16 rooms, 2 family apartments. Fireplace, Garden, Patio, Mountain Views, Hummingbirds, Friendly Service, Gourmet Vegetarian and International Meals. Shuttle Bus from Quito, Tour Information. American owned. Call 593-6-920750. Write: Casilla 34, Otavalo. Email: alishngu@uio.telconet.net.Visit our website at www.alishungu.com. (QC)

CHURUP GUEST HOUSE, Huaraz, Peru. Friendly, family run hostel. Laundry, storage, kitchen facilities. English spoken, climbing and trekking info, bus station pick-ups. Rooms from $4-$6. Tel: (51-44)722.584 Address: Jr. Pedro Campos #735 (LC)

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CASA ELENA, Cusco. SAE recommended, family style hostel, free breakfast, cable TV. Reservations appreciated. New location close to the Plaza de Armas: Calle Choquechaca 162, San Blas Tel: 084 222240 y 241202 Email: Chemin@terra.com.pe (LC)

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FRIENDS HOUSE, Lima. SAE discount price $5/person. A charming place to accommodate you. Family atmosphere, near the ocean in central Miraflores. Breakfast, hot shower, communal TV. Jr Manco Capac, 368, Miraflores (between the 9th and 10th blocks of Ave. Larco). Email friendshouse_peru@yahoo.com.mx Tel: 511.446.6248. (LC)

POSADA DEL PARQUE, Lima. Charming house in safe area. 10% SAE discount. Highly recommended as an excellent value. Parque Hernan Velarde No. 60. Santa Beatriz, Lima 1. Tel/Fax 511.332.6927. Email monden@terra.com.pe (LC)

MARFIL GUEST HOUSE, Lima. Cozy

family run hostel located near the SAE. Kitchen and laundry facilities, cable TV, travel information. Spanish lessons available. Parque Ayacucho 126 (between the 3rd and the 4th blocks of Bolivar), Pueblo Libre. Tel: (511) 463.3161 Email: yma25@yahoo.com. (LC)

HOSTAL CASA SOL-QUITO, ECUADOR welcome home! At Casa Sol you will find hospitality and a warm family environment. Central location in the new town, quiet rooms, singles $12-16. doubles $22-26, suites $38, discounts to SAE members. Calama 127 y 6 de Diciembre. Tel: +593-2-230798, e-mail: sasasol@ecuadorexplorer.com, web: www.ecuadorexplorer.com/casasol/home. (QC)

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CUSCO, MACHU PICCHU, AREQUIPA - SKY VIAJES Y TOURISMO, cj1@terra.com.pe, has arranged trips - including Inca Trail, Ausangate Circuit, Vilcambamba, Colca Canyon - for me for seven years. A full service agency, they are efficient, low cost, and can arrange your trip to meet your interests and needs. I highly recommend them. Gloria Fisher. goriaf@uswest.net. (CC)

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ETCETERA

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The SAE is now hosting a MILES DRIVE to accumulate flight credits for club managers in South America. Donations of miles will allow our hardworking volunteers to see their families and drink tap water (and good beer!) each year. Please email limaclub@saexplorers.org if you have miles on Delta, Continental, or American Airlines. Each donation is appreciated and donors will be mentioned in the Lima Club News!!! (LC)

IN WELCOMING THE NEW YEAR and beyond, we are offering a free airport transfer to any member who would be willing and able to bring a handcarry for the club from the United States to Peru or Ecuador.

Female travel companion wanted for South American Trip by campervan, dirt bike and mountain bike. Start Sept/Oct. 2001. Six months travel/six months rest until complete. I am attracted to mountains and beaches. Non-smoker. Zobel@earthvision.asu.edu. 520-473-2854.

SEEKING ACCOMODATION IN VILCAMBAMBA, ECUADOR. English couple wish to rent house in Vilcambamba in 2002. Electricity/hot water essential. Tel: 00-44-20-87493108. E-mail: bootle@iname.com.

Desperately seeking Donations!!! The Lima Club has watched one too many computers bite the dust. We are looking for laptop computers or printers. Please email saelima@terra.com.pe. (LC)

WE NEED NEWS! Just about to toss out that New York Times as you get off your plane in Quito, Lima or Cusco? What about that old Newsweek you've already read? Don't throw it away! Our Clubhouses in South America need news from abroad! (LC)

DESPERATELY SEEKING COPIER and WASHING MACHINE. Got a Xerox photocopier kicking around? Trading in your old washer for a new one? Care to make a donation to help us out? Please contact the Lima office at saelima@terra.com.pe (LC)

Cusco volunteers are working like crazy to develop the latest SAE clubhouse, check out our web page for updated information. All donations (cash, stash, pennies or pounds, stationery, sweeties, swag and stuff) very much appreciated! Just ask us what we need, and help develop YOUR clubhouse!

2001 South American Handbook

Footprint's Publications, 77th Edition

$39.95 [Members $37.95] #257

The essential handbook for travels to Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Ecuador & the Galápagos, Paraguay, Peru, Uruguay, Venezuela, and the Guianas. Tells you where to stay, where to aboid, and basically everything you need to know before, during, and after your trip to South America.

The Machu Picchu Guidebook

Ruth M. Wright & Alfredo Valencia Zegarra

$15.00 [Members $14.00] Item # 109

The best all around guide for all who've been or are going to Machu Picchu. This outstanding little book leads you step-by-step through this fabulous site with a knowledgeable text and a magnificent selection of black-and-white color photographs. Incorporating the latest archaeological discoveries and insights, this valuable guidebook opens your eyes to the genius of the Inca and brings Machu Picchu to life as never before. Comes with the best map of the ruins ever produced. Absolutely indispenable!

Climbing & Hiking in Ecuador

4th Edition, Rob Rachowiecki, Mark Thurber, Betsy Wagenhauser

$17.95 [Members $16.95] #113

This book is for hikers of all abilities. From the experienced climber to the afternoon stroller, Bradt's guide to experiencing Ecuador on foot includes detailed hiking maps, climbing information, and new jungle walks and high-altitude treks.

Galápagos: A Natural History

Michael H. Jackson

On Sale!

$24.95 [Members $24.95] #128

This guidebook details the natural history of life found in the Galápagos Islands through the first hand accounts of the author. It is well-illustrated, and thoroughly covers the biological evolution, colonization, and diversity of the many species of Galápagos.

Argentina Handbook

Footprint Publications, 2nd Edition

$21.95 [Members $19.95] #145

Aimed at travelers of all ages, budgets, and interests, the Argentina Handbook is divided up according to region, and offers the traveler advice on everything from how to get there to where to stay. Basically, any questions you may have about Argentinean travel are tucked away in this helpful handbook. A must-have for travelers to Argentina.

Peru Handbook

Alan Murphy (Footprint Handbooks, 2nd edition)

$17.95 [Members $16.95] Item #126

This 1999 edition comes in a new, easy-to-access format. Rates hotels (in every price range), excursions, tour companies, restaurants, language schools, nightclubs, medical services, places to shop. Includes safety warnings, historical sidebars, great maps—an excellent guide written by those who know the country. Highly recommended.

Ecuador and the Galapagos Handbook

Alan Murphy (Footprint Handbook, 1999, 2nd Edition)

The Footprint Handbook series has rapidly carved out a reputation for reliability, accuracy, and thoroughness. This book is no exception. In the new easy-to-reference 1999 edition, this guide rates hotels (in every price range), excursions, tour companies, restaurants, language schools, nightclubs, medical services, places to shop. Includes safety warnings, historical sidebars, great maps. Written by people who know the country inside out. As guidebooks go—an inspiration.

$19.95 [Members $18.95] Item #171

Chile and Argentina: The Bradt Trekking Guide

Tim Burford, 5th Edition

$17.95 [Members $16.95] #222

Chile and Argentina are consistently among our member's favorite destinations for trekking. This guide profiles 45 hikes from northwest Argentina to Tierra del Fuego. It also offers suggestions of where to raft, kayak, cycle, horseback ride, and ski, and offers extensive information on all national parks in the area. So if you are headed on an Adventure in Chile or Argentina, pick this up before you go.

Machu Picchu Historical Sanctuary

On Sale!

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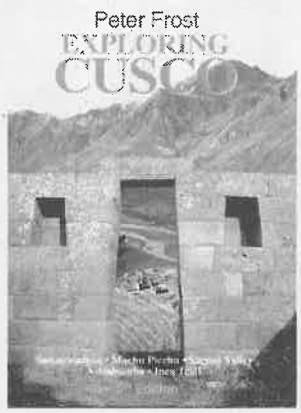
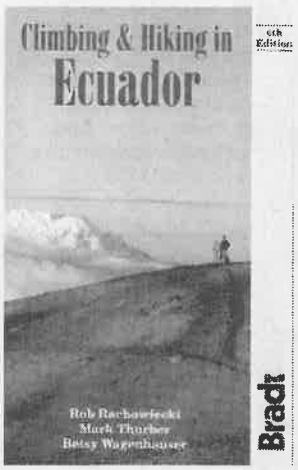
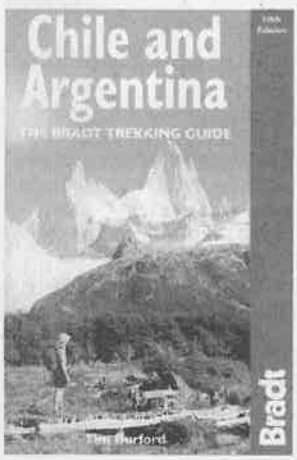
This is the best little guide to the Imperial Capital with an abundance of information on the Inca Trail, Vilcabamba, local markets, archaeological







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South America on a Shoestring

Lonely Planet, 7th Edition
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If you've ever been to South America, you probably have some version of this book, which basically is the South American Traveler's bible. Contains 235 detailed maps; language chapters on Portuguese, Spanish, French and Indian; hundreds of hostels, camping spots, and hotels; and, of course, tips for safe and delicious dining throughout South America. Simply a must have.

Peru (Lonely Planet)

Rob Rachowiecki
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From the floating island on Lake Titicaca to the ancient Inca city of Machu Picchu, Peru offers the traveler a wealth of spectacular attractions. Whether you want to explore the rainforest, view the icy peaks of the Andes or feel the pulse of modern Lima, this nuts-and-bolts book will guide you through the land of the Incas.

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$13.50 [Members $11.50] #112
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SOUTH AMERICAN EXPLORERS INFORMATION PACKETS

Central/South America Bicycling Packet

Planning to bike in Central and South America? This packet contains relevant articles, information on where and when to go, bike shops, racing clubs, health tips, and consulates. Trip reports on biking through the Darién Gap, Cotopaxi, Tierra del Fuego, Cusco, Rio de Janiero, and more.
$20.00 [Members $15.00] Item #340

Central and South America Driving Packet

A country-by-country collection of tips from members who've driven to Central and South America, along with notes on documents you need, border crossings, shipping your vehicle, safety, lists of medical facilities, buying and selling vehicles in South America, insurance, and other info useful to anyone planning to drive or motorcycle through Central or South America.
$30.00 [Members $20.00] Item #57

Volunteer Opportunities Information Packet

This packet lists grassroots organizations throughout South America that need your help. Listed by category, e.g. agriculture, children, women, arts and culture, and conservation, this is the prime source for anyone seeking volunteer positions in South America.
$6.50 [Members $4.50] Item #58

Aconcagua Information Packet

A mountain of information about routes, equipment, supplies, pack animals, guides, and permits—just about everything of use to climbers of Cerro Aconcagua, the highest peak in the Western Hemisphere.
$20.00 [Members $15.00] Item #53

Chile Information Packet

All you need to know about Chile, with information on the political situation, things to see, history, wineries, ski lodges, safety tips, exchange rates, access to e-mail and more.
$6.50 [Members $4.50] Item #2251

Ecuador Information Packet

A popular SAEC packet, brimming o'er with the latest information on visas, currency, climate, public transport, safety, popular places to visit and hike, and much more.
$6.50 [Members $4.50] Item #101

Galápagos Information Packet

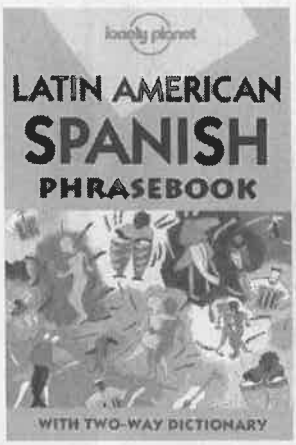
Great information on Galápagos tour companies, guides, boats, climate, suggested reading. Compiled by our Quito staff that know about such things.
$10.00 [Members $4.50] Item #55

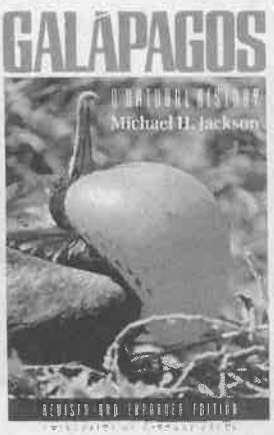
Peru Information Packet

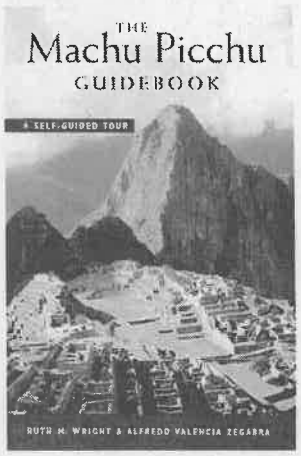
Here crammed onto twenty or so pages is everything the Club thinks you ought to know about, travel safety, exchange rates, what to do to avoid robbery, popular hikes and climbs, places to visit, etc.
$6.50 [Members $4.50] Item #52

Cusco & Machu Picchu Information Packet

Thank you, members, thank you for all the unstinting praise you've lavished on the Club's one-and-only Cusco & Machu Picchu Information Packet. Just as you say, it's all here: history, when to go, how to get there, safety, altitude sickness, communication, markets, lodging, cafés, villages in the Sacred Valley, renting cars, getting to Machu Picchu, hiking, tour companies, recommended reading. And that's just for starters.
$10.00 [Members $4.50] Item #59







Huaraz Information Packet

This splendid information packet has it all: getting to Huaraz, places to stay, the best hikes—Llanganuco to Santa Cruz and many others; climbs up Alpamayo, Huascarán, Pisco, and all the rest, information on guides, maps, renting equipment, fuel, pack animals, etc. A must-have for serious and not-so-serious hikers, backpackers, and climbers.

$10.00 [Members $4.50] Item #2250

Manu/Tambopata Information Packet

Here, for anyone planning a trip to Manu Park or Tambopata Reserve, is an overview of the Madre de Dios Department of Peru, with information on climate, when to go, equipment, wildlife encounters, photography tips, food to bring, leaders/guides, description of reserve areas, how to go solo or with a tour, jungle villages, lodges, and recommended reading.

$10.00 [Members $4.50] Item #56

VIDEOS

Peru Video Lonely Planet

March 1999

Host: Neil Gibson

US$19.95 [Members US$18.95] #605

Promoting the same type of independent travel as the Lonely Planet guidebooks, the Peru video allows you to climb an Andes glacier 10,000 feet above sea level, to eat piranha on an Amazon river trek and to understand what draws so many to the land of the Incas.

Ecuador & Galapagos Islands

Lonely Planet

$20.95 [Members $19.95] Item #598

Fly an old army airplane into the jungle, see Ecuador from the roof of a train, relax in thermal springs, romp with sea lions, climb a volcano, and more. A video to dazzle and inform. An introduction to Ecuador—South America in miniature with jungle, mountains, 18th-century colonial towns, offshore islands, fiestas, markets, and national parks. 47 minutes.

Rough Road to Panama and Rugged Road to Cape Horn: The Sullivan C. Richardson Pan American Highway Expedition, 1940-1941

SAEC Historical Video One

Sale! $12.95 [Members $10.00] Item #601

A two-part 60-minute video made from the rare documentary, filmed in color on Kodachrome, of the first successful attempt to drive an automobile from the United States to the tip of South America. Sullivan C. Richardson and two companions explore the route that would eventually become the Pan American Highway. List price $19.95.

LANGUAGE RESOURCES

Mastering Spanish I (Cassettes or CDs)

This excellent course was developed by the Foreign Service Institute to train diplomats. It's the best study course available for the serious student who wants to build fluency quickly. Twelve ninety-minute cassettes, with a 704-page book. A substantial savings over other language courses charging twice the price.

Cassettes $79.95 [Members $75.95] Item #357

CD's $100 [Members $92.00] Item #347

Mastering Spanish II (Cassettes)

Just like Mastering Spanish I but more advanced, Mastering Spanish II is the logical step after mastering Mastering Spanish I. Twelve 75-minute cassettes expand vocabulary, improve pronunciation, hone conversational skills, and lead to near fluency. All cassettes feature native speakers. Both Mastering Spanish I & II are very popular with members.

$79.95 [Members $75.00] Item #185

Success in Spanish

Syracuse Language SystemsA CD-ROM with full-color graphics, a multimedia glossary with audio pronunciation of 2,600 words, a Record/Playback feature which compares your utterances with a native speaker, and 12 lessons in vocabulary, grammar, listening, speaking, and reading. One Windows CD-ROM with 292 page Spanish dictionary.

$19.95 [Members $18.95] Item #366

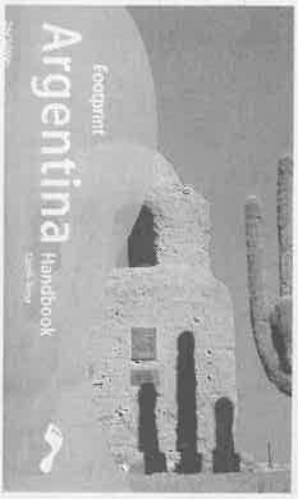
Latin American Spanish Phrasebook

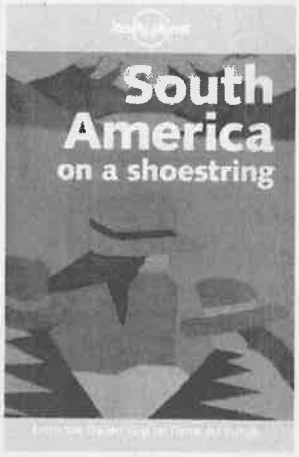
Lonely Planet, 3rd Edition

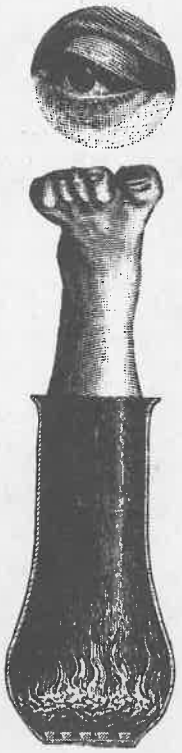
$7.95 [Members $6.95] #369

Cheap, portable, and complete with a two-way dictionary... What more could you ask for from a phrasebook? Don't get caught speechless when haggling with cops, bargaining merchants, or wooing that attractive South American at the end of the bar. This little book has a Spanish phrase for every activity/situation you may encounter on your trip.

We also sell a huge array of archeological, departmental, topographical and trekking maps. For more information and other titles, go to our website or call us at 1-800-274-0568







MAPS

Hiking and climbing in Ecuador and Peru? Not sure what topos you'll need? Take a look at our web site at www.samexplo.org, call us at 607-277-0488, or e-mail us at explorer@saexplorers.org

Look closely at the maps on this page. Then try to get one from Amazon.com. You can't! Why? Because members of South American Explorers handcarry these maps back from various secret (O.K., forget the secret) locations in South America, so we're one of the very few and sometimes the only source for these maps in the U.S. You want a map of Yanahuanca that could well mean the difference between life and death when you're hoofing about the Cordillera Huayhuash? Well, you better talk to us, not Amazon.com, not BarnesandNoble. com. Us, South American Explorers, your friendly U.S. map distributor. Get it?

Non-Member Price/Member Price/Item Number

SOUTH AMERICA (1:15,000,000)	11.95	10.95	#403
Northwest Sheet (1:4,000,000)	8.95	7.95	#383
Northeast Sheet (1:4,000,000)	8.95	7.95	#384
Southern Sheet (1:4,000,000)	8.95	7.95	#385
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Aconcagua Topo (American Alpine Club)	7.00	5.00	#412
Tierra del Fuego (1:[illegible],000)	9.95	8.95	#402
Patagonia (1:2,300,000)	13.95	12.95	#578
Valdez Peninsula (1:[illegible]75,000) **SALE**	12.95	12.95	#561
Monte Fitz Roy			
Cerro Torre ([illegible]50,000) **SALE**	12.95	12.95	#562
BOLIVIA (1:2,000,000)	11.00	10.00	#581
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Rio de Janeiro **SALE**	5.00	5.00	#488
São Paulo City Map	4.00	4.00	#490
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Join the South American Explorers and receive all the benefits of Club membership, including four issues of the *South American Explorer*, use of the clubhouses, and discounts on books and maps!

South American Explorers Membership Categories

Regular ($50 individual, $80 couple): Benefits include a subscription to the *South American Explorer* (the quarterly journal of the Club), discounts on items in the catalog, a laminated rabid-bat-spittle-proof membership card, use of our information and trip planning services, storage for equipment and supplies at the Lima, Cusco, and Quito Clubhouses, and much more. A complete list of membership services is available upon request.

Contributing ($80 individual, $125 couple): Contributing Members, as the name indicates, contribute immeasurably to the general cheer and goodwill of their Club. For their generosity they receive a much coveted club t-shirt.

Supporting ($150): As the name implies, these Members are virtual pillars, generously supporting their Club in its heroic efforts. And, because we know that Supporting Members always welcome a thoughtful token of our appreciation, we offer these discerning individuals a book from our catalog. Finally, a Supporting Member may also bestow *two* free gift subscriptions to the *South American Explorer* at any time during the period of his/her membership.

Life ($750): Our worthy Life Members receive all the benefits of Club Membership during their mortal tour of this planet. Esteemed Life Members are encouraged to choose any one of the large selection of books from our catalog. As a final gesture of gratitude, Life Members will be sent copies of the last 15 issues of the *South American Explorer* that are in print and *ten* free gift subscriptions that may be conferred at any time.

Afterlife ($7500): As an Afterlife Member you will, of course, receive all the benefits bestowed upon Regular, Contributing, Supporting, and Life Members. In addition, when you pass into the realm beyond, you will face eternity with serenity, assured of your Club's perpetual gratitude. You will know the true meaning of immortality as you return each year to preside at the annual Club bacchanal held in your honor. Imagine the envy of your fellow spirits when they witness this outpouring of affection and devotion to your revered memory, a blessed dividend of immortality that might have been theirs had they but followed your sublime example and shown but a mote of your greatness of heart during their brief and pointless jigs upon the stage of life.

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